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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

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Price Ten Cents.



MAKING HER MARK.

A NEWPORT BELLE CARVES HER LOVER'S NAME ON THE FRONT OF A CLIFF.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

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ONE DOLLAR.

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PRELLER's murderer is again in St. Louis, his half-way station to sheol.

THE cholera, though fond of filth, has too much self-respect to visit London.

It is beginning to be a question whether Spain has the cholera, or the cholera has Spain.

THE latest exploit of Tom Ochiltree's peerless imagination is the discovery of a lake of fire in Texas.

RIEL is writing his memoirs. In view of the brief allotment of time his readers will "excuse haste."

BLAINE said in his eulogy of Grant: "He was the greatest in the field." How does Blaine know?

REPUBLICANS have discovered that President Cleveland keeps a willipus wollopis right with him.

THE Minneapolis Tribune says wittily that St. Paul, having the chamber, all it needs is the commerce.

THE latest agoing is "Silver Treads Upon The Gold." Pass along a post-office to this pungent paragrapher.

GARLICH, the broken New York broker, has absconded without even leaving so much as a scent behind.

It is beginning to be gravely suspected that John Roach will turn in the Republican party as part of his assets.

It really seems as though the sea-serpent had died or gone out of business. He hasn't shown up once this summer.

THE cable reports a continued bad condition in the social thermometer of London. Me'lud should get him to an ice house.

"GLADSTONE takes long walks daily," says a London correspondent. He is probably preparing to enter a running match.

MAXWELL has been brought back to St. Louis which is almost as bad as lynching a man and trying him afterwards.

IN England they have a power behind the throne. IN Russia they have powder under it. A little "d" makes a big difference.

HORRIBLE campaign sensation: Foraker, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, owns three pair of corsets - his wife's.

If Kelley knows where his "pull" is now, he will go to Vienna incog. as a newspaper correspondent and get even with Emperor Joe.

BOB TOOMBS now says that but for Jeff Davis the Confederacy would have been successful. The South has reason to be thankful to Davis.

THEY say that an effort will be made to revive the skating-rink craze this fall, and the funny man is sharpening his pencil for the elopement joke.

No sword will be buried with Gen. Grant. It is well enough to depart from the old rule in this instance. He buried the sword twenty years ago.

AT St. Paul, Minn., a Chinaman, named Sam Hong Wong, married a fifteen-year-old German girl. Two policemen of the bridelet's nationality became indignant and spirited her away, and there is blood in the moon-faced Celestial's slant eyes. He has employed a lawyer and will make it lively for the intermediaries. The law, unhappily, is on his side and regards their offense as serious.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT-IF TRUE.

We have received the following letter, enclosed in which was a percussion cap and a copper cent:

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 2, 1885.

Dear sir: I take the Pleser in Ritting you a few lines to let you know that I have some News for your Paper. It concerns me maby you have heard of me before I have been traced By a Party of men four 4 or 5 years I have Flanked them at there own game there is a detive in New York now trying to find something about me but he can not I have had 40 and 50 men after me in one little town and for what I dont know now if you send one of your Reporters here and a little ade I will give you lots of News I have from 8 to 10 detives now after me here and 14 to 15 spys I am onto all of them this is my home Richmond Va if you send me that man give him the sin three Fingers Raised before his face, and come strad down main street on the left as far as 25 street I will look for him on tuesday or wensday Between 5 and 6 o'clock I will have a brown suat of clothes on and a straw hat you can tell me esey I limp a little on the left foot. all I want is a right hand.

I am 23 years old John G. Crow, Richmond Va. they made me walk about 100 miles in about three days I could get work in euny where but they keep me out of work they told ils on me and them that did not no me they Blevied it I dont know what they told.

that cap mens death for for a friend.
I am Poor but honest but they bleve dfeent

Mr. John G. Crow, of Richmond, has our heartiest and most sincere sympathy. To be constantly followed by forty or fifty men without any obvious reason must be extremely unpleasant to a person of acute nervous sensibility, especially in a "little town" where the sidewalks must be narrow and the drinks at least 10 cents a head.

It rather shocks us, however, to learn that the Crow's favorite sign is what is known in New York as the three finger racket. No self-respecting person takes more than one finger at a time.

When we have a reporter to spare we'll certainly send him down to Richmond, and when he gets there any gentleman with a brown suit and straw hat and a limp will have plenty of business on hand. The fact that all he wants is one hand is both painful and interesting. A cursory observer would, perhaps, suspect that he might have need of a little sanity as well.

But, then, that's a mere trifle, and so long as Mr. Crow can get his three meals a day and all the whisky he wants without work, he needn't waste his time on anything more tedious than writing to the newspapers to prove himself a crank.

SINCE Gen. Phil Sheridan told Gov. Martin, of Kansas, two weeks ago, that he was an ass, a gob of gloom seems to have knocked the Governor clean out of sight.

AN elegant wardrobe and some choice diamonds arrived in New York last week for Mrs. Eugene Wetherell. City editors should make a mem of this; there are unnumbered columns in it.

A PHILADELPHIA paper attributes the tornadoes to the absence of Gen. Hazen from the country. The country will take a tornado or two uncomplainingly if Gen. Hazen will remain where he is.

THE *raison d'etre* of Gen. Logan's book is said to be to correct the impression left by Gen. Sherman's volume that there was only one general in the war. Logan thinks he were one of them himself.

ENGLISH diplomacy seems to be contemplating an alliance with China and Turkey. Russia meanwhile is cultivating a great friendship with Austria and Prussia. The bear seems to have the best of it.

It costs 150 marks or a fortnight's imprisonment to libel an opposition candidate in Germany. At that rate the public revenue could be largely increased if the same laws were in force nearer home.

THE St. Louis papers are quarrelling over the question which of them is the personal organ of Sam Janes, the evangelist, and the *Republican* boasts that it has given him \$10,000,000 worth of advertising.

POSTMASTER GENERAL VILAS is the Brewster of Cleveland's cabinet. For high and mighty egotism and supreme contempt for "common worms," Vilas outrivals his great congener with the ruffled shirt.

A DENVER paper says: Omaha is a terminus of the Union Pacific. This wedding of a plural noun to a singular verb is a display of erudition that tempts us to believe John A. Logan has strayed out into the wild west.

THE paper which Riel read for the court in Regina rather conveys the impression that he is a second edition of Guiteau. Such twaddle as was uttered by the religious crank could only emanate from a diseased brain.

A MAN named Jones was hanged in Troy, N. Y., the other day, for wife murder. What with this and Aquila at Indianapolis, and Rev. Sam in Cincinnati, the willipi wallopi of the Jones family is getting right to the front these days.

BEEF, tallow candles and macaroni have gone away up in price at Kremster since the Emperors have decided to hold an executive session in that village, and the illustrious guests will be made to feel the squeeze in their favorite diet.

RUSSIA seems to be as lively as a hornet in a sugar barrel. The telegraph this morning reports that she is now building a strategic railroad to the Austrian frontier. The echo of that kiss at Garstein has been wafted to the Kremlin.

ARISTOCRATIC Russians at St. Petersburg are said to be getting up a handsome silver tea service to be presented to Mr. Gladstone. Why can't the Czar give him a sword like the one he gave Komaroff? Make it a sword, Aleck, by all means.

DETROIT's romantic and "gentlemanly" burglar, who contracted the habit of entering houses for the purpose of robbery but was always profuse in apologies for disturbing the occupants, is under arrest and proves to be just a plain, vulgar fellow.

A NEW YORK poet has got his verses into nearly every big paper in the country by simply posting them on the New York City Hall, whereas if he had sent them direct to any one of the papers the effusion would have gone into the waste basket.

SUNSET COX will humor the Sultan's penchant for smoking by presenting him with a handsome silver tobacco stand. If the "sick man" will reciprocate by presenting Cox with a few chestnuts, cordial diplomatic relations will be established.

A PARTY of a dozen Philadelphians went fishing at Atlantic City this week and caught 1,412 black bass in four hours. It was the biggest catch ever made there, but unfortunately will not go on official record, as the exact brand of thirist annihilator used was not reported.

SOME of the papers are asking how Sir Charles Dilke pronounces his name. He does not pronounce it at all just now, but when he is compelled to do so in Court he will make it rhyme with silk, but he will probably not prove that his conduct has been as fine as that fabric.

SOME of the Paris papers had an account of the acquittal of "Lady Dudley" for attempting to kill "the Lord Don Van 'Rossa." They are also telling their readers how to make the American drink known as "cherry gobbler." It is a cold day when a Paris paper fails to get some "scoop" like the above.

ONE of the most alarming features of the Sharon-Hill divorce case is the determination of the alleged wife to take the lecture platform. As the general public has heard all it wants to of the scandal, it is to be hoped there will be a way found of choking Sarah off before she gets east of the Rocky Mountains.

SENATOR USELESS, or Eustis, who declared war on President Cleveland and then ran away to Europe, has sneaked in the back door and is again haranguing the Pelicans of his native State. Somehow Old Useless' wild waving of his mouth reminds one of nothing more than the agonies of a bob-tail mule in fly time.

A LIVE NEWSPAPER, - The Red Gulch (Arz.) *Ripsorter* publishes the following announcements:

Any galoot who wants the *Ripsorter* for a year can have it left at his bar-room on payment of three red chips in advance. Now's your time to chip in. Boys, she's a dandy.

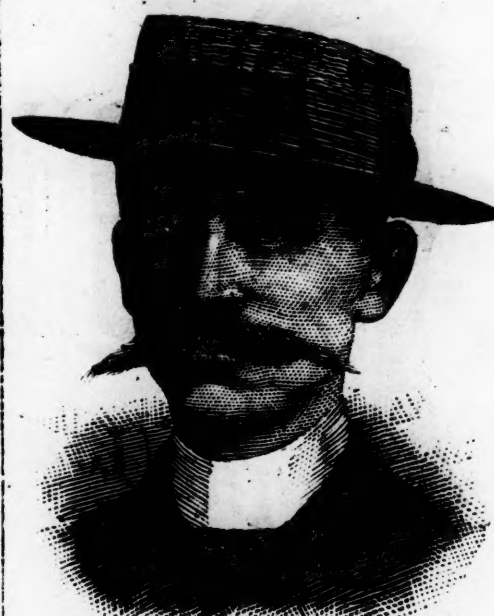
Advertisements will be stuck in at liberal terms and dust and mules taken in exchange.

You ducks who haven't paid up your subscriptions want to hustle. We warn you that we know who you are and we are going out collecting in a day or two with a new brace of Colts ready for all slow customers. We mean business.

Funeral notices must be accompanied by the address of the corpse, not for publication, but as a guarantee of prompt payment.

CONSUL-GEN. JUSSEN, who was recently sent to Vienna, starts in well. He refuses to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, James Riley Weaver, and go straight to moral smash. Weaver was in the habit of appropriating \$600 a year allowed for rent of house, and the landlord was willing to consent to such a petty theft on condition that he be permitted to style himself vice-consul-general. Titles are dear in Vienna and rents are cheap. In Chicago it is different: A landlord here demands the full official dignity, all the official salary and a neat bonus for the privilege of living in one of his tenements. Relatively speaking, Weaver had a good bargain.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



"Dave" Graham, the well-known and extremely popular deputy superintendent of the Polo grounds, heads this column this week.

Henry Bender, who died recently in Bucks county, Pa., aged ninety-two years, was reputed to be the champion five-player of the State.

John W. Adams, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 7, was widely known as a horseshoer in that city. He was a chief of the Brooklyn Caledonian Club.

James McDaniels, an old-timer in sports, is temporarily in Butte City, Mont. He has not been conspicuous in either theatricals or pastimes in many a year, but proposes to resume theatre management.

Lord Lurgan having refused the promoters of the gathering the usual privilege of holding the sports in the demesne, the Lurgan athletic meeting, heretofore an important annual fixture in Ireland, will not be held this year.

Kelly Bonnell, known in Georgia as a billiard-player, died in Atlanta on Aug. 9. Thirty years before, when he was an infant, a needle that was missed was supposed to have entered his body at some unknown point. An hour before he died he complained of a pain in his shoulder, and shortly afterward the needle forced its way out.

Capt. Draper, who came to this country from England to take charge of the cutter *Ileen* will have her rig and ballast altered at Boston, Mass. The alterations will be made from plans furnished by J. Beavor Webb, and will include the stepping of her mast 2 feet 6 inches further aft, an addition of seven tons to her lead keel, and the substitution of steel wire rigging for that now in use.

Sam West, a pool-player of some experience - though the name given may not suggest the fact - is said to have struck Fall River, Mass., week before last, in the guise of a farmer. He caught William Burdick, of the Wilbur House, for \$25. Burdick asked for satisfaction, increasing the stakes to \$50 and getting the odds of four games in best in thirty-one. They played at Waverly Hall, Aug. 7, and Burdick won by 16 to 12. The continued story is that West was very nervous.

Thomas W. Wilson, of the firm of Dorion & Shaffer, on Aug. 6 entertained the fish-dealers of Fulton Market, this city, at breakfast. The feature of the affair was the serving of oyster-fries made from fat Great South Bay oysters, which were laid down on a bed of ice nearly a year ago. They were pronounced excellent by the assembled judges. When Prof. Henry J. Rice, of the State Fish Commission, inquired how Mr. Wilson had managed to preserve the oysters so as to have them equal to freshly-taken and newly-opened oysters, Mr. Wilson smiled and said that was his secret. If his experiment can be successfully conducted on a larger scale, it will revolutionize the export oyster trade.

John O. Snyder, a farmer near Hartford City, Ind., has walked almost continuously for the last six months, being on his feet at least 18 hours out of the 24. He walks around a small ring near his house, in all kinds of weather, eating as he walks and stopping only when too tired to go any longer. Then he drops into a chair and sleeps for a few hours, and immediately resumes his walk on waking. He has not lain down since he was attacked by his peculiar mania about a year ago, when he conceived the idea that three layers had formed on his feet, which could be removed only by constant walking. He has not been sick an hour, nor experienced any great fatigue, and in other respects shows no sign of insanity. The doctors say that only the back part of his brain is affected. He was in an asylum for some time, but was released as incurable.

George Leese, one of the best known sporting men of his day, died August 8. He was born in Birmingham, Eng., sixty-three years ago, and came to this city after he had won for himself the title of a prize fighter. After several battles in this country he accumulated sufficient money to open a hotel in West Broadway. This soon became the resort of noted sporting men, and Leese was on the road to riches, when he became seized with the gambling fever. He was soon ruined and, broken down, he returned to the prize ring. He won and lost several battles, the last being with Philip Clair, on Riker's Island, which resulted in a riot, Clair being declared the winner. For some reason Leese forsook for a time his associates and with "Kit" Seddons opened a museum in Water street. This he soon tired of, and ten years ago he went to Rockaway Beach, where he was employed as a special officer. His knowledge of "crooks" placed many in his power, and to them he became a terror. At the time of his death Leese was employed by William Wainwright, who buried him at Jamaica. Leese was the trainer of Seddons in his fight with Chambers. He was a single man and, as far as known, had no relatives living.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Seasonable Multitudinousness of the Crank Who Wants to Be An Actor.

This is the time of year when the crank-who-wants-to-be-an-actor turns up in the theatrical agencies and demands a starring engagement on his own terms. To him or to her, as the case may be, the theatrical



The clergyman-aspirant to tragic honors.

agent, after pocketing his or her fee (also as the case may be), returns a bland but evasive answer to the demand, and is extremely sorry to say there is nothing on the books that would suit her or him (as the case might be finally) just now, but there is no telling



She pines to rival Lotta.

when something will turn up, etc., etc., etc., to the end of the chapter.

Then the crank gets mad and wants the money back again, but doesn't get it—which is, after all, quite consistent with all the traditions and moral principles of



He would like to be a "sawdust" actor.

the American, or for that matter, of any other stage. Ever since the Rev. George C. Milin went upon the boards and made Rome howl with the unearthly reverberations of his *Othello*, any number of frantic persons have sought, and in some instances, found a chance to enrich humanity and expand their chests with their several versions of Ingomar and King Lear and other violent characterizations of the Shakesperian drama. There never was such a persistent seeker after an opportunity to exchange the pulpit for the stage, as the Rev. Micah L. Higginbottom, of New Lebanon, Pa. His church (the First Reformed Methodist-Presbyterian Tabernacle) was quite a popular one, and his congregation thought nothing of presenting him every Christmas with a present amounting at least to \$25. A short, fat man with a tremendous jaw and anything but pleasing personality, is the Rev. Micah, and yet in certain Pennsylvania one-night stands he is just as likely as Tom Keene or Larry Barrett to draw the \$37.25, which is the best each of these towns can do, theatrically.

Then there is the lean, slab-sided, lantern-jawed, web-footed female crank who thinks she can play eccentric comedy parts, girls of ten and hoydens of fifteen, all-round Lotta. And very little difference does it make to this aspirant for Miss Crabtree's laurels, that, while she is almost as old as Lotta in actual age, she has the misfortune to look vastly more ancient, to have false teeth and a wig, and stands on a pair of extremities which it would be manifestly impossible for her to exhibit with any pleasure or satisfaction



The Hebrew maiden who yearns to be Camille.

either to herself or her audience. It is, perhaps, needless to add that when this lady wants to make an appearance anywhere, in any capacity at all, she has to pay through the nose for it.

Then, again, there is the gentleman whose ancestral domain is somewhere on Orchard street, and whose proud ambition it is to figure in a "sawdust" play and be its hero. Like many another youthful denizen of the East side, he has read or heard of the marvelous triumphs of Mr. Harris Rozenzweig and made up his mind to repeat them in his own proper person.

He does so—in his mind. But none of them are more pertinacious or more exacting than the Hebrew maiden from Division street, who is prepared to paralyze the entire civilized world with her new readings of "Camille." Blithe and bonny may she be in the eyes of the sons of Judah, but to the less ardent Gentile there seems to be a trifle too much of her, an embarrassment of richness, as the French would say. The last straw to break the



The hoigest farmer who would like to try the stage.

camille's long-suffering back would she be if she only got her opportunity. But, blessed is Fortune, she never does get it.

Occasionally another kind of fish wanders into the seine—some great, big honest farmer, who has heard there is more money in tragedy than there is in turn-ups, and is quite willing to sell out his mules and corn-crib for a chance to play *Shylock* or *Scotch Homecoming*

or anything else with "a dollar in it," as the worthy fellow puts it. The agent to whom he addresses himself is not above taking his fee—but the "opening" never presents itself.

Last of all is the "born heavy villain," the thin,



The man who was born to be a heavy villain.

dark, low-browed fellow, whose sole mission is to show what high art can do for low crimes. He does get a chance now and then—usually in Red Bank, N. J., and when he gets his chance he usually gets a good deal of rotten egg and over-ripe tomato thrown in.

STAGE WHISPERS.

J. H. Stuart goes with Lotta this season.

Fanny Davenport has gone back to Canton with her husband.

Kate Claxton is to give her new play its first production in New York.

J. B. Hollis has joined E. A. McDowell's "Wedding Bells" company.

Al. Hayman will probably arrive from San Francisco in about a fortnight.

W. S. Murray will play with Margaret Mather in "Romeo and Juliet."

Mrs. C. H. Thompson has been re-engaged with the "Burr Oaks" company.

In September J. J. Ryan takes out a company to play "Collins and Cuffs."

Great preparations are being made for the storm scene in "A Brave Woman."

Thomas W. Keene is rehearsing his company at the Union Square theatre.

William E. Hines has been secured to enact the part of Jerry in "Lord Tatters."

Albert E. Hastings, an old legitimate actor, has been engaged by George C. Milin.

Frank Howson will remain as musical director at the Madison Square theatre.

Harry Lacey gives the "Devil's Diary" its first production in Chicago this week.

Odell Williams has re-engaged with Henry Chanfrau, to play the Judge in "Kit."

Miss Mittens Willett and Henry Aveling are re-engaged to support Fred. Warde.

Helen Standish will return from Europe in September to rejoin the McCaull forces.

Alice Page, the sweet singer from Boston, has gone to Europe to improve her voice.

After a short visit to her family in Cincinnati, Sally Cohen has returned to the city.

Mark Pendleton, the well-known actor, has retired from the stage and taken to farming.

S. S. Block has been engaged for leading juveniles in one of Harry Miner's companies.

W. F. Falk has been engaged by Manager Duff to act as treasurer at the Standard theatre.

Lisle Leigh will play the juvenile part next season in "The Inside Track" with Oliver Byroh.

Bartley Campbell's salary-list for his numerous enterprises foots up a total of \$8,000 a week.

Frank Seixas is getting together an organization to be known as the Criterion Opera company.

Louis Vogler has been engaged as musical director for Lester & Williams' "Parlor Match" company.

The People's theatre, Cincinnati, will be mainly devoted to vaudeville entertainments this season.

W. P. Webster has filled a great many weeks for the "Kindergarten." Rehearsals are in progress.

Will J. Duffy has been engaged as business manager for Lisle Evans. He left for the West on Monday.

David S. Simon has been selected as manager for the Graham Opera House Company, Washington, Ia.

Estelle Clayton is slowly getting her company together for "Favette." She has just engaged Ida Jeffreys. She will take the piece on the road next month.

The alterations to the Comedy theatre have begun. The Gilseys have decided to expend a large sum upon it.

Lotta will have twenty-four people in her company this season. Ben Crane is re-engaged as advance agent.

Rosa W. Purcell has re-engaged with Jennie Caley. Charles Roblee, formerly with M. B. Curtis, goes in advance.

Edward Bloom has arrived in the city from Cincinnati, where he had been managing R. J. Miles' Chicago excursion.

Homer F. Emmons, late of the Madison Square theatre, is painting the "May Blossom" scenery at Stamford, Conn.

Emma Field has signed with Harry Miner for juveniles. Miss Field was leading lady with Emmet last season.

Ben Teal has returned from Long Branch to direct Rhea's rehearsals. During the summer he has revised all her plays.

"Under the Ban," by F. B. Devereux and Mrs. Ver Planck, will have production at one of the city theatres this fall.

Mrs. F. M. Burbeck (Nellie Lingard) left the city to play her old part in "Youth" at Providence for a season of two weeks.

Alexander Simon, of the Grand Opera House, Brenham, Tex., is in the city booking attractions for next season.

Fred. F. Schrader writes that Tootle's Opera House, St. Joseph, Mo., is independent of all combinations or circuits.

A. W. Pinero, the London playwright, sails for America about Sept. 1. He comes to rehearse "The Magistrate" for Daly.

After an arduous search for her, George C. Milin has at last found his leading woman for next season. She is Lillian Billings.

Jeffreys Lewis is to fill the time at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco, cancelled for Genevieve Ward. She opens on Oct. 12.

R. E. J. Miles' son Lennis will probably supplant D. W. Clifton as treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, this season.

The opening date of Theall & Williams' Novelty theatre, Williamsburg, is August 31, when "The World" will be produced.

Soubrette stars will be more than ever prolific this season. There will be many failures, but the source of supply is inexhaustible.

Messrs. Knowles & Morris begin their fourth regular season at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House on the 29th with "Nordeck."

The Casino company responded liberally to the subscription raised by the McCaull company for the widow of the late Albert Barker.

Daisy Wood has resigned her engagement with the "Hobbies" company in order to become a member of the "We, Us & Co." party.

Charles G. and Claude Amsden, last season with H. Hen y's Minstrels, have been engaged for Bennett & Moulton's Opera company.

Julia Wheeler, the Washington society lady, who made her debut with Ruca last year, goes with her again this season playing leading parts.

Nat Salisbury is Fred. Brynton's partner and backer in the latter's starring tour with Clay Greene's "Jack of Diamonds." Time is being filled.

Marion Erle has been re-engaged by James Crossen to play Mrs. Brown in "The Banker's Daughter," in which she won such praise last season.

Negotiations are pending for the engagement of Tony Hart's company in "Buttons" at the Fifth Avenue theatre within the next four months.

Marie Jansen says she is tired out. At the close of "The Black Hussar" at Wallack's she is going home to Boston for a long period of rest and blissful repose.

Louis Harrison is sanguine over the prospects this season of "Skipped by the Light of the Moon." He is now rehearsing one of the companies which will play it.

George Clarke is to be Clara Morris' leading man this year, with the privilege of playing on the off-nights. Frank Goodwin has not yet decided what the off-night piece will be.

Harry Doel Parker has secured all the rights for the production of the ever popular drama "Hazel Kirke," and has selected a strong company for its production throughout the United States and Canada.

James O'Neill's manager has been telling the dailies that O'Neill was offered \$20,000 to support Mary Anderson in her coming American tour. Twenty thousand dollars is a large sum of money these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence begin rehearsals next week with their new company. Mr. Florence promises, among his other pieces, that he will put on "Dombey & Son." He opens at Daly's theatre on Sept. 7.

Mr. Arthur Chase, is still confined to his bed at Holyoke, Mass., with his broken leg. The accident occurred when he was fishing in the Rangleley Lakes, and he will not be able to resume his business for five or six weeks yet.

Mr. William Powers, the young comedian, observes that he will remain in New York until the opening of his season with the "Tin Soldier." The company, by the way, appears to be unusually strong. There are too many of these small company organizations going out this season.

Mr. Wesley Sisson and Mr. Robert Hilliard have taken a long lease of the new Criterion theatre in Brooklyn, for the future of which they expect great things. The house is to be ready for its occupants about the first of November. Meanwhile Mr. Sisson will fill up his time with good combinations.

Mr. Alfred Thayer, who is the theatrical critic and job printing solicitor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and who also runs a railway passenger agency, has been in New York. Mr. Thayer's industries are spreading, and other railway agents are trying to secure positions as dramatic critics, in order that their arguments may have greater weight in the securing of theatrical patronage.



ALEXANDER H. CUNNINGHAM.

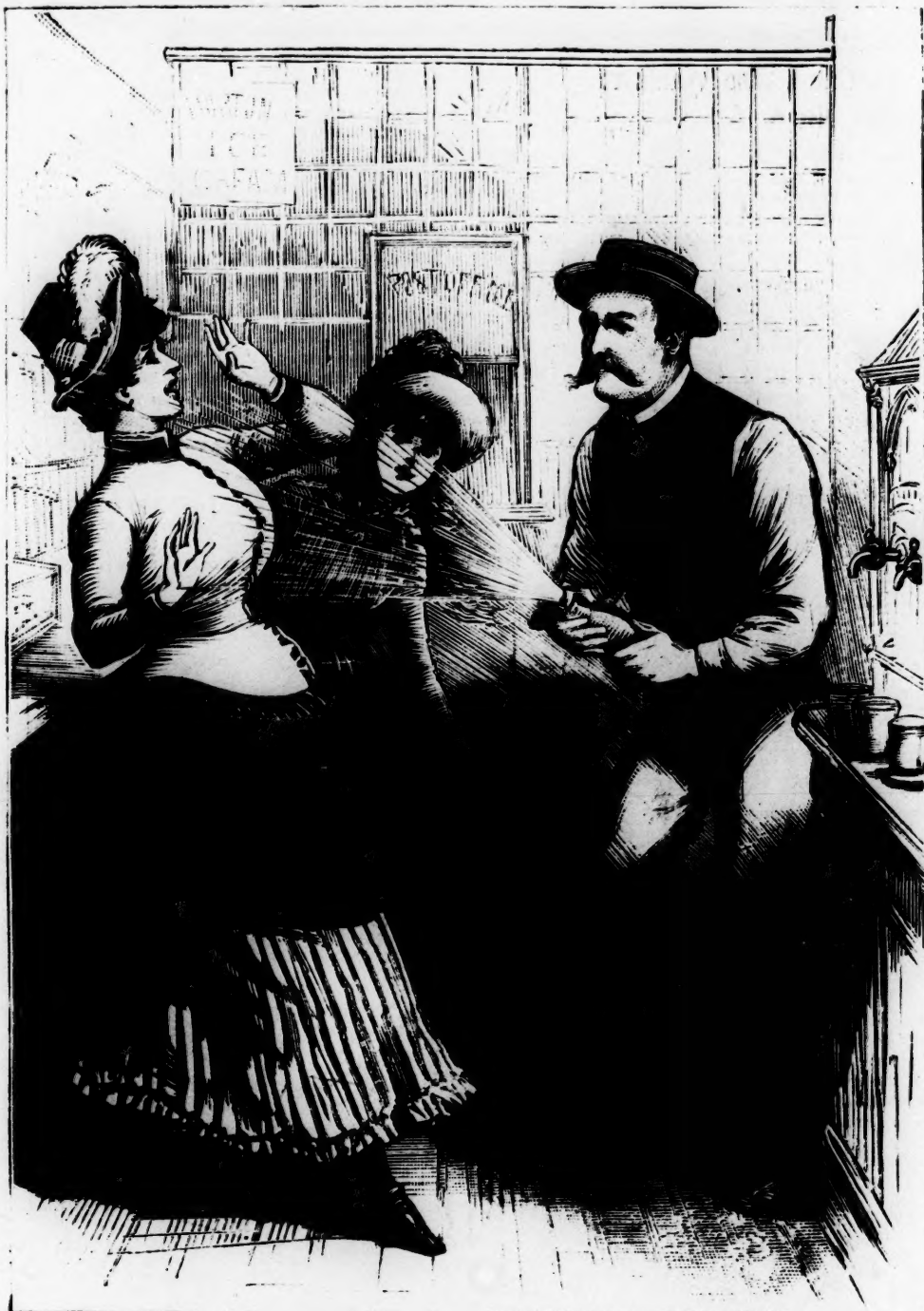
THE WELL-KNOWN AND VERY SUCCESSFUL MANAGER AND AGENT.

Alexander H. Cunningham.

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Mr. Alexander Hogg Cunningham, the well-known theatrical manager and agent who, this present season, directs the fortunes of Mr. Milton Aborn's "Tourists" combination. A more ingenious and amiable gentleman never went into the "show" business.

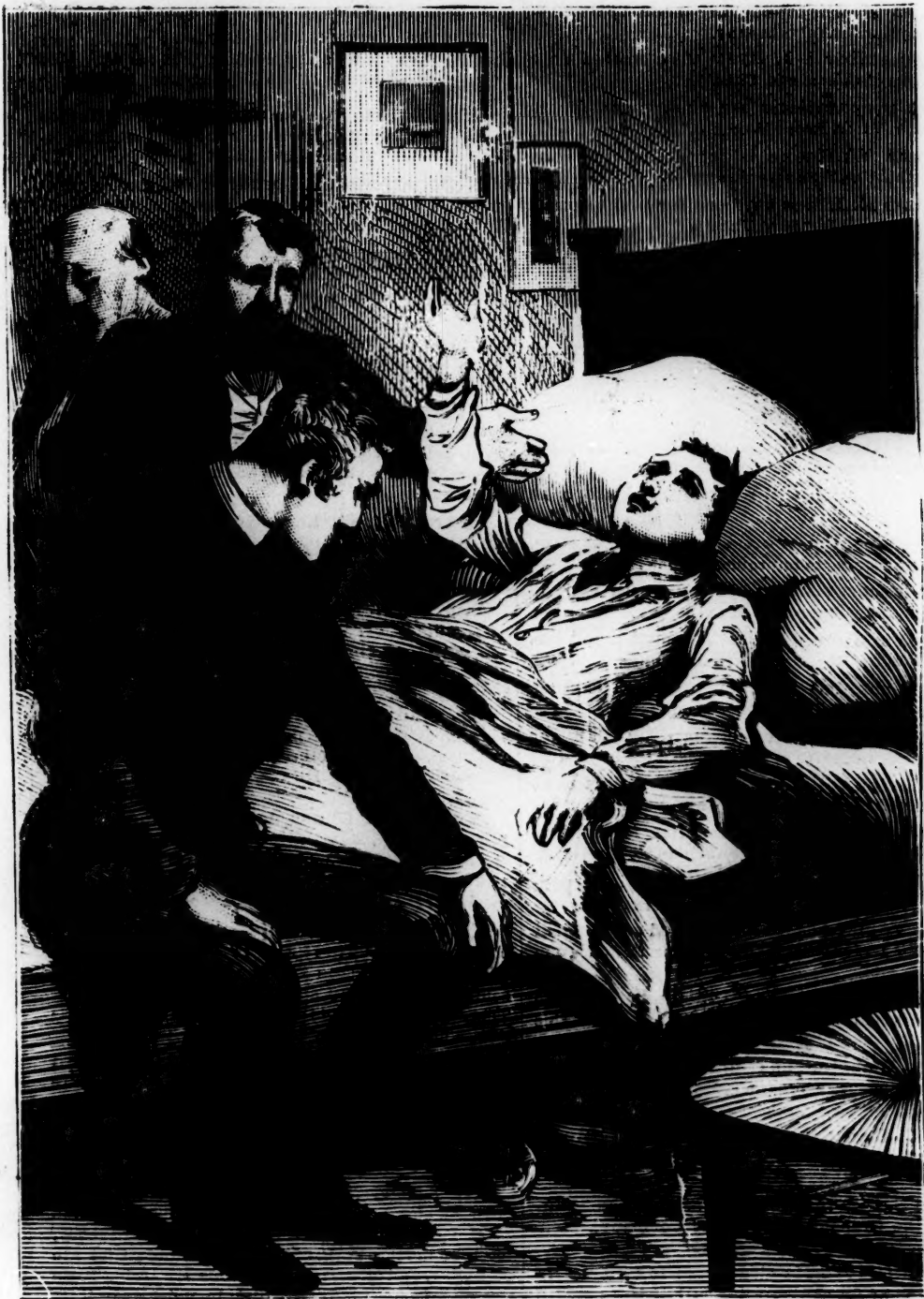
Hooking Handkerchiefs.

One morning recently, when the St. Paul Church excursion train was passing through East Bridgeport, Ct., a number of ladies who were waving handkerchiefs from the car windows had them stolen by boys who had long sticks with hooks attached to the ends. The average East Bridgeport hoodlum can prepare for an emergency.



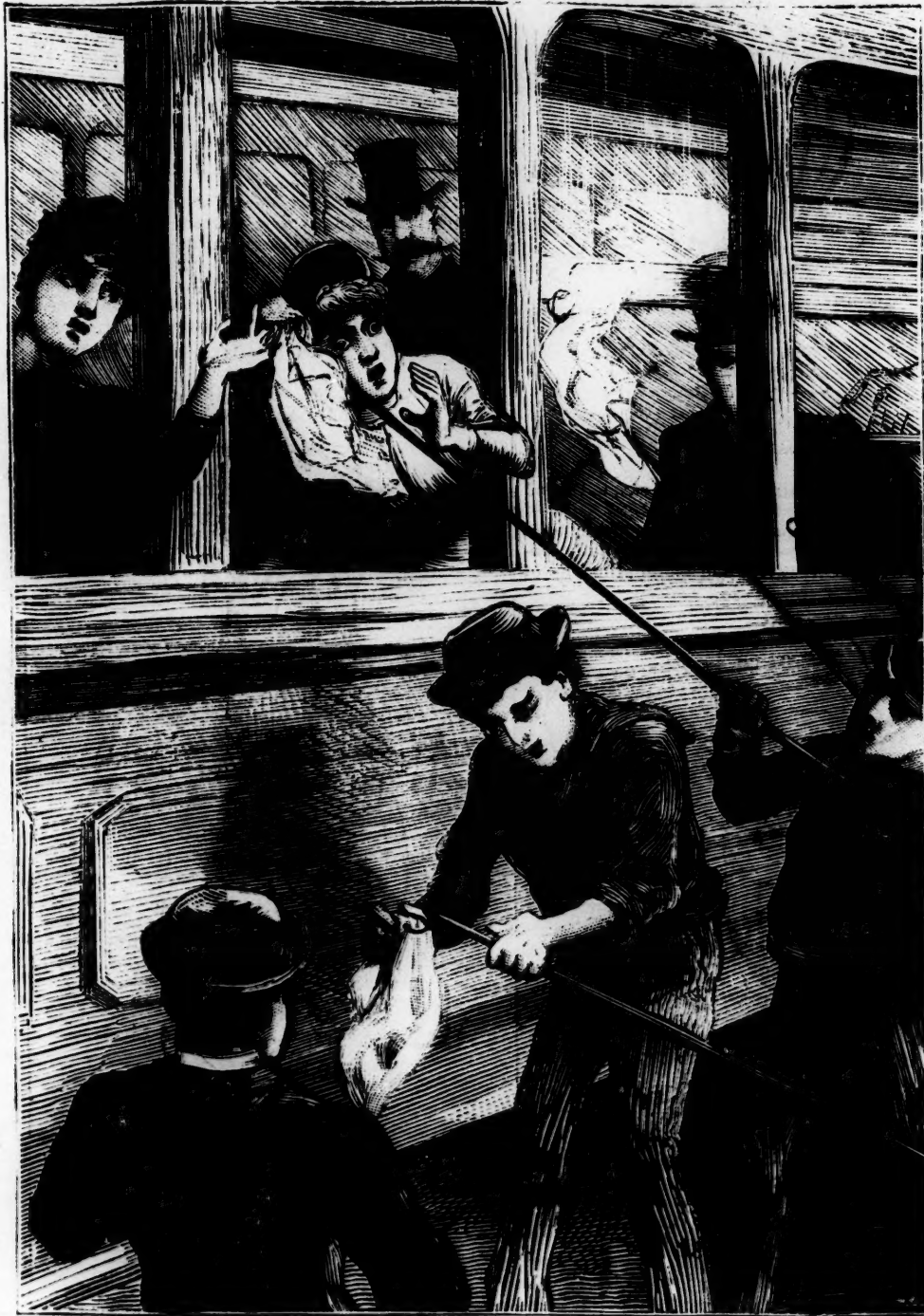
HE WAS NEW TO THE BUSINESS.

POSTMASTER OLDWIN OF SEA CLIFF, LONG ISLAND, GIVES A LADY A SODA-WATER DOUCHE.



HOW A LITTLE HERO DIED.

THE TOUCHING SCENE AT THE DEATHBED OF AN INJURED BOY.



HOW THEY HOOK HANDKERCHIEFS.

THE BAD BOYS OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., AMUSE THEMSELVES IN AN ORIGINAL MANNER.



ANTONIO NARDELLO,

THE CONFESSED MURDERER OF GARMINE ROTUN-
NO AWAITING TRIAL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



AN UNHEALTHY CLIMB.

CLARENCE WARD PERFORMS A DARING ACT AT DAYTON, OHIO.



THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG,

THE SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER OF HIS
STEPPATHER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



STATE SENATOR HARRIS.

THE MEMBER OF THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE
WHO OBJECTED TO THE GRANT RESOLUTION.



BEY ABADIN.

THE JEALOUS OCTOROON WHO CARVED HIS
MISTRESS AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



ELOPING WITH TWO GIRLS.

THE DOUBLY DARING ACT OF AN ILLINOIS GAY DECEIVER.



CLERICAL BICYCLISTS.

THEY MAKE THINGS PICTURESQUE AND INTERESTING IN TORONTO.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

A JEALOUS OCTOON CARVES HIS MISTRESS.

At noon on Tuesday, Aug. 3, Bey Abadie, an octoon, murdered his mistress, Lizzie Landry, the illegitimate daughter of a prominent planter on Bayou Lafourche, in Ascension Parish, Louisiana. Abadie had been employed in a negro gambling saloon on Dauphine street, in New Orleans, and his employer, a bright mulatto, was accused by him of being unduly intimate with the murdered woman. On Tuesday forenoon the woman came to Abadie's house on Conti,



near Prieur street, in New Orleans, and brought him some washing. He called her into his room, locked the doors and cut her to pieces with a razor, inflicting no less than fifteen wounds and nearly severing the head from the body. A large crowd was gathered in front of the house whilst Abadie was engaged in his horrible work, but no efforts were made to enter and prevent the butchery. After completing his bloody work Abadie stood in front of a mirror in the room and deliberately cut his own throat from ear to ear, but failed to kill himself, although he is dangerously wounded. The half brother of the murdered woman was on the premises at the time, but was powerless to prevent the crime. Abadie is twenty-seven years old and a native of New Orleans. The woman was twenty-four years of age and quite an attractive octoon.

MRS. MANN'S MASH.

One of the sharpest, shrewdest and neatest games ever played in Easton, Pa., has just come to light. Mrs. Mann, a widow, lives on Pine street, and has a good-looking daughter aged thirteen. Theodore Oliver, of the firm of Oliver & Co., sheet iron manufacturers, lives in a handsome house on Fifth street, near Pine. He is also an ex-Councilman and one of the most highly-respected citizens of Easton. Over a year ago he became a widower. Shortly afterward Miss Mann began visiting his residence. A month later the girl handed her mother a letter purporting to have been written and signed by Mr. Oliver.

The contents were to the effect that Mr. Oliver had become financially embarrassed and requesting a temporary loan. This was the beginning of a long correspondence. The amount asked for was given the girl to deliver. In a few days the girl handed her mother another letter written with a lead pencil. From its tone Mrs. Mann was led to believe that Oliver had become enamored of her, and a more bright and happy future appeared. There was nothing suspicious about the letters, and as has since been said, Mrs. Mann thought that as Oliver had but a short time before become a widower, he had taken this method of showing his friendship for her, rather than call at the house until several months had passed.

Mrs. Mann answered the letter and gave it to her daughter to deliver. The next week Mrs. Mann received another letter, asking for \$15 with which to help pay Oliver's expenses. The money was given off as her child, with instructions to deliver it at once. The next letter was started by Mrs. Mann being called "My dear wife," and the recipient replied by calling Mr. Oliver "My dear husband."

Several other letters came asking for money to pay a gas bill, pay for a turkey, and for money to pay the board bill for Oliver's horse. All the money asked for was given the girl to deliver.

Matters then remained silent for a week. One day the girl came home with a gold ring, placed it on her mother's finger, and said that it was a present from Mr. Oliver. Mrs. Mann was now sure that Mr. Oliver was sincere in his intentions. A subsequent letter proposed marriage and requested Mrs. Mann to see a clergyman. The minister was visited and arrangements were made for the wedding. Mrs. Mann ordered a bridal outfit and made other preparations for the event. The next letter stated that Mr. Oliver had ordered a suit of clothes at a high-toned store, and that it would not be ready for some time.

The next letter asked for money, and it was cheerfully given. Sums of money in small amounts were also handed the girl by her mother on verbal messages. The correspondence was kept up nearly a year, and still Oliver and Mrs. Mann had not met or spoken to each other. On several occasions, after Mrs. Mann had been away from home, her daughter told her "Mr. Oliver was here, and had just gone," or "Mr. Oliver had just passed the house, and if you had been here sooner you would have seen him." Last Friday a gentleman who lives in the same neighborhood met Oliver and told him of the stories that were being circulated concerning himself and Mrs. Mann, one of which was that he had imposed upon the woman by borrowing \$300 from her, and that she had given her daughter sums to that amount to deliver to him.

Mr. Oliver had two respectable citizens to accompany him to Mrs. Mann's house. Shortly after the trio entered the house, Mrs. Mann said: "You have deceived me, and now I don't care anything at all about you or your big brick house. All I want you to

do is to pay me the \$300 you swindled me out of. I've got all your letters, with your name signed to them." Seeing that he could not convince Mrs. Mann of her error, and that he was not the author of the letters, he left the house and employed Detective Simons to work up the case, cost what it might. The officer began his investigation and finished it quickly. He first obtained Oliver's signature, then had Mrs. Mann to write her name, and the one she had been forging.

The letters were then produced, and the hand writing of the girl was found to be the same as the letters. The girl, finding herself caught in the game, made a full confession and wept bitterly. Besides the ring she had purchased an alarm clock, vases, etc., and had her mother believe that they were presents from Mr. Oliver. The letters written by Mrs. Mann were destroyed immediately after reading. After the confession, Mrs. Mann pleaded with the detectives to see Mr. Oliver and have him not to prosecute her for anything she had said about him. Thus the matter stands. If Miss Mann had been ten years older she could not have planned and carried out her expensive scheme in a more successful manner.

ELOPED WITH A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Hunterdon county, N. J., is agitated over an elopement. Dick Sked, forty years old, lived with his wife and only child near Ringoes, in the lower end of the county. Mrs. Sked is a school teacher, and for years has supported the family by her salary. Three or four years ago she took a fancy to one of her pupils, Maggie J. Woodruff, thirteen years old, the daughter of respectable, hard-working parents. She took Maggie into her family and supported and educated her. Last spring Maggie became a teacher herself, but still enjoyed the hospitality of the Sked family on Saturdays and Sundays. Dick was very kind to Maggie, driving with her to her school, several miles away, every Monday morning and going for her on Friday afternoons.

When vacation came Maggie spent part of the time at the house of Mrs. Sked, and part of the time at the home of her father, Gideon Woodruff, near Flemington. Last week Mrs. Sked left her and Dick to keep house, while she went on a visit for a few days.

On last Saturday morning, after Mrs. Sked's return, Dick and Maggie started off in a wagon together, Dick telling his wife he would take Maggie to her father's and return by noon. Noon came, but Dick didn't, and Mrs. Sked became uneasy. It was found that the couple had driven to Three Bridges, in this county, left the conveyance, and taken passage for Bound Brook. From that point it is not known which way they went.

Maggie will be 17 years old in October. She is prepossessing in appearance, and has pleasing manners. She took with her every article of clothing and bric-a-brac belonging to her, and Sked took \$400 of his wife's money.

SHE GAVE HIM THE SLIP.

Mary Daniels, of Terre Haute, a white woman, and Charles A. Stewart, a negro hailing from the same city, were released from Joliet prison last week, after serving a year each for bigamy. Mary eloped from Terre Haute, leaving a white husband, and Stewart left a colored wife. The two went to Marseilles, Ill., and were married, but were followed up from Indiana by Stewart's dusky better half, who had them arrested and convicted. A peculiarity about the Daniels woman is that when she reached the prison her face and hands had been colored by some kind of stain that gave her the appearance of a bright colored mulatto woman. When she was called up for discharge the prison officials were astonished to see that instead of being a mulatto Mary Daniels had blue eyes and a fair skin, with rosy cheeks and bangs of a light brown color. Stewart had been released several hours ahead of the woman and hung about the prison awaiting her release, but she remained at the prison until the St. Louis train arrived, when she got aboard and gave him the slip.

A WOMAN'S TRICK.

The Philadelphia detectives who remained at Chester all night last Tuesday succeeded in establishing beyond doubt that Ellen Darin is the abductress of the Claxton child. In unravelling her motive for the crime, the story is told that she was married about four years ago to Wm. H. Darin, in Germantown, and on March 27, 1883, her husband, who had been her faithful, left her. Since that time she has constantly been endeavoring to bring her husband back to her, or to get him to support her. On one occasion she obtained a photograph of a colored infant, showed it to him and declared that he would be compelled to provide for its support. Her attempt failed, and she then decided to steal a child and force her husband to acknowledge its paternity. On the morning of July 11, she left Wilmington and began search for a mulatto baby to palm off as her child. She saw the Claxton infant in a coach at Eighth and Catharine streets, Philadelphia, and, seizing a favorable opportunity, took it away. Darin works in Chester, driving a wagon, and when Ellen reached home she at once began to represent the child as her own. She said she had come to her mother's home in this city, where it had been since its birth, and got it. A few days after reaching home she went before Alderman Allen, of Chester, and made an affidavit that her husband, Darin, was the father of the child.

JOHN FAY.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Johnny Fay, the champion pugilist of Connecticut. He was born at Rockville, Conn., stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height and in condition weighs 180 pounds. He was defeated last spring by Jim Felt, and on July 30, at Rockville, Conn., he defeated George Rooke, knocking him out in three rounds.

THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG.

[With Portrait.]

This young man confessed he shot his step-father, Albert R. Herriot, as he says, in self-defense, last week, at the latter's residence in Brooklyn, N. Y. A very full description of the affair has been already published in the daily press. For several days it proved the sensation of the City of Churches, and the coming trial of Armstrong will no doubt be another interesting affair.

BEY ABADIE.

[With Portrait.]

This jealous octoon carved up his unfaithful mistress, a full account of which will be found in the "Wicked World" column.

CROOKED LIFE.

The Confession of a Brooklyn, New York, Adventurer.

"I will be out of this in three months and then I'll make Brooklyn sorry for putting me here."

The speaker, an inmate of the Kings Co. Penitentiary, was a girl of twenty-eight, slight of figure, medium in height and pale of complexion. Her face was sharp and cunning-looking and her eyes hard and between gray and green in color. The girl is one of the sharpest of New York female crooks and she glories in her record.

"I'll steal something that'll make them sorry they laid hands on me," she continued. "I don't care where it comes from, and then you'll never catch me here again."

The writer suggested that perhaps the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was Brooklyn's most valuable possession, but she laughed and said no; she didn't want to steal him.

"You want to know from me how pawnbrokers stand with the thieves?" she said. "If you steal a thing worth \$15 a pawnbroker will give you \$5 for it; but he wouldn't give you \$5.50 if you starved to death before his face. I suppose the pawnbrokers could live on the poor if they did not receive stolen goods, but the cream of their business comes from the thieves. Now, I'm only giving you my experience, square and honest, as I never gave it before to any one but a crook. I don't know anything about how others may have fared; but I, for one, have found pawnbrokers deal squarely with me, with only one or two exceptions. One of these happened in Philadelphia, where I went into a pawnshop with an article worth three or four hundred dollars. He offered me \$150 for it, but I wouldn't take it. He dared and defied me to leave the shop with that article, and I said: 'I don't know the meaning of that word dare.' I walked out and he followed me, or sent some one else to follow me, to another pawnshop three blocks away, where I pawned the article for the same money he had offered me, just out of spite. I was boarding in North Seventeenth street, near Ridge avenue, at the time, and the detectives and police hunted high and low for me, but they never found me. What did this dirty pawnbroker do but give me away, and I got eighteen months on the head of it. Now I had done business with that man before and he had some of the stolen articles I had given him in his shop, and he had always done the right thing by me till that time."

"Why didn't you turn State's evidence against him as a receiver of stolen goods?"

"Ha! A lot of good that would have done me. He could have said that he had no idea that the first things were stolen, but that my regular appearance with valuable articles excited his suspicion, and that he therefore had me followed. The facts would have seemed to corroborate his testimony."

"Do you think that the ready market which pawnshops offer for stolen goods causes boys and girls to take to stealing?"

"Maybe it does, but I don't know. If there were no pawnshops there would still be the fences. No, you have not one of them in Brooklyn so far as I can tell, and I would be likely to know."

"What kind of business do the fences carry on with the thieves?"

"They buy articles outright. We don't deal with them regularly, because we find the pawnbroker handiest, but we often redeem articles at the end of a year when all the excitement has calmed down, and get twice as much from the fence as the pawnbroker paid. May be, though, when the end of the year comes you will not have the money to pay for redeeming the thing."

"Can't you borrow money from other crooks?"

"Oh, yes, some of them. I owe a man a dollar now that has been bothering me for some time. I hate to owe an honest dollar. I have often borrowed as high as \$75 from him and always gave it back. I am laying to borrow \$250 from him and then I'll skip out."

"How many years have you been stealing?"

"Six."

"And how much time have you done?"

"Eighteen months the first time and two years and six months this time."

"That puts you behind the bars two-thirds of your time and you have nothing to show for it. I should think that honesty would pay better."

"How do you know I have nothing to show for it? Do you think I'm such a fool as to give away what I've got when they arrested me? Indeed, I'm well provided for when I leave here."

"What good does it do you? Your pleasure is spoiled by being always afraid of capture, and you can't mix with honest people."

"Oh, don't be sure of that. I have gone to seaside resorts and crowded more fun in two weeks than you have had in your whole life. Balls and parties, and boating and driving; and the best of it all was that other people paid for it."

"What do you find the best way of carrying on your robberies?"

"My way is to hire furnished rooms for myself and husband in a first-class neighborhood. If I got out of here to-day and it was the last \$10 bill I had that's the way I would go to work. I robbed nine houses in New York, one after another, that way. One house I went to was a very fine place. The lady showed me and my husband one room and we said we liked it, but we found some objection, so that she showed us every empty room in the house. All the time she was showing us about we were taking in the positions of doors and windows and the locks and keys. At last we settled on the room that seemed best for us, and we lived there nearly a week and got to know the ways of the house. We found that there was some one in each room all the time, and I said: 'Come on; let's get out; there's no chance here, except in the old lady's room when she goes out.' He said: 'Wait awhile.' And we waited, and the very next day the landlady went out. I made an excuse to run down in the kitchen, to see how the land lay there. I said my husband had the chills and fever bad—he was subject to them. A little while after I came down for something else, keeping the servant engaged, but not enough to excite attention. While I was down stairs my husband had been through the landlady's room and got a fine solitaire diamond bracelet and a couple of gold watches and chains. There was a door closed by a wooden bar next the landlady's, and he had got the bar off and the door from its hinges, but found that the door was backed by something very heavy. We were afraid to push, for fear it would make a great noise. So my husband pushed it on one side. He was not able to get in, being too big, and I went through and, in less time than I take to tell it, I came out with \$500 in my hand. We

pulled the drapery over the door, went to our room, put on our gowns and started out for the street. At the back we found the boss pulling his mustache and admiring himself in the glass. I stopped to make some laughing remark to him, but my husband pushed me on, saying, 'Go on, go on. You can never meet any one without stopping to gossip.' We passed out smiling and took the first boat for Nyack on the Hudson."

ELOPING WITH TWO GIRLS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Martha Trammel, a handsome young woman, is in jail in Fayette County, Ill., having been arrested Aug. 11, and a vigorous search is in progress for James Cook. James Cook located near McKeysport last spring. He said he was a widower, and that he came from Kansas. About ten days ago he left home unceremoniously, and the next heard of him he appeared at the residence of John Cook, in Fayette County, with a girl of 14 named Martha Trammel. Leaving the girl at John Cook's, he asked the daughter of the latter to return home with him, but instead of taking her home he took her to the residence of Wm. Klump, a brother-in-law, residing in the same county, to whom he introduced her as his wife. The two remained at Klump's house for about a week as man and wife.

On Saturday last, while they were attending a picnic in that neighborhood, a woman came on the scene and announced that she was his lawful wife. She proposed, if he intended to leave her, that he should give her money enough to return to her home in Kansas. Cook became angry, knocked her down and beat her, and, drawing a large knife, threatened to finish her. There was a great uproar, and bystanders interfered to save the woman's life. Cook escaped, and late that night reached the home of John Cook, in Fayette county, and demanded the Trammel girl. This was refused, and he threatened to break the door in, adding that if he had to do this there would be bloodshed. The door was finally opened, and the girl went out to him. The next morning the neighbors followed the couple to near Fairview, where they separated next morning. The girl was captured near her stepfather's, but when questioned as to the whereabouts of Cook gave contradictory statements. He has evidently taken to the timber.

BILLY MYERS.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch is a well-known Brooklyn sporting character and saloon-keeper. As his career is one of note, it will not be out of place to mention a few incidents. Billy, as he is more familiarly known, was born in the Ninth ward, New York city, in the year 1847. After receiving a common school education he started in his rising life by tending bar for John Maguire, on Fourteenth street, who always spoke well of Billy as a business boy. He left in 1869 to fill a similar position for Arthur Higgins, who keeps one of the finest saloons in the City of Churches, on the corner of Seventh and Grand streets. Billy's life was lucrative enough to "go in" for himself after serving ten years with his last employer. He started on the corner of Ninth and Grand streets, where he now does the finest business in the "burg." He is quite a sport in all-round athletics, besides owning a fast trotter. He swam a quarter of a mile inside of 10 minutes, ran 100 yards with Jack Bates on Aug. 8, 1883, time 11½ seconds. Besides, boxing is one of Billy's pastimes. He is the backer of several sports; among his favorites is Frank Chrysler. The POLICE GAZETTE is always on hand at his house, besides a gallery of sporting pictures.

A SODA-WATER DOUCHE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sea Cliff is Long Island's most fashionable and most picturesque watering-place. It has a post-office of its own. Recently a new postmaster was appointed in the person of Mr. J. M. Oldrin, one of Sea Cliff's most amiable and popular residents. Mr. Oldrin keeps, nominally, the nicest and most highly patronized ice-cream and soda-water establishment on the island. One day last week a lady asked him to open her letter-box for her. In his confusion the gallant postmaster opened a bottle of cream soda—with disastrous effect.

AN UNHEALTHY CLIMB.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week the daring performance of Clarence Ward, the professional stepp-climber of the West, who recently came to the rescue in Dayton, Ohio, when the unavailing of a soldier's monument, 85 feet high, threatened to be spoiled by the failure of the veil to come off. Ward pluckily, and at the risk of his life, scaled the lofty shaft and detached the veil. It is interesting to know that while a tremendous crowd applauded, ex-President Hayes presented him with a \$2 bill.

ANTONIO NARDELLO.

[With Portrait.]

This young Italian is the confessed murderer of his fellow countryman, Carmine Rotunno. He led his victim to an old house outside of Washington, D. C., knowing him to have considerable savings, and there cut his throat with a razor. He was shortly afterward arrested by the Washington police in the act of escaping by railroad to Baltimore in company with a colored woman. Nardello insists that he had accomplices in his crime, but the police refuse to believe this part of his confession.

STATE SENATOR HARRIS.

[With Portrait.]

This sensational member of the Georgia Legislature recently put his foot in by vigorously objecting to the resolution of sympathy and regret introduced into the Senate on the day of Gen. Grant's death. He was alone the only member who placed himself in this rather disagreeable situation.

SHE MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our front page this week we illustrate the daring act recently performed by a young lady at Newport, who, having been let down in what is called at sea a "boatswain's chair," carved her beau's name on the front of one of Newport's steepest cliffs.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



John P. Cassidy was born and brought up in Brooklyn, where he now resides. He commenced his baseball career with the amateur Nassau Club, of Brooklyn, in 1870, with whom he remained till the latter part of 1874, when he joined the professional Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn. Jack gained quite a reputation as a pitcher while with the Nassau team. He, however, gradually drifted away from the pitcher's box when he joined the professionals. He remained with the Atlantic till the close of 1875. In the year 1876 he played with the New Haven Club. In 1877 Bob Ferguson took him under his wing and coddled him up for six years, playing him in Hartford in 1877, Chicago in 1878, and Troy in 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882. He was engaged by the Providence Club in 1883, and played that season with them. He was engaged by the Brooklyn Club in 1884, and has remained with them ever since.

The Brooklynites have a good cool pitcher of "Porter."

The Memphis boys are drawing large crowds as well as playing good ball.

Tony Mullane has nothing to do in Cincinnati but play the grand gentleman.

Mutrie has not yet given up the idea of winning the championship of the League.

Billy Geer now throws up his hands and claims that he has quit the arena forever.

The Root has been severed from the Providence Club, and now Allen rules supreme.

The Kansas City boys who were engaged by the Memphis Club have been doing great work for the team.

One by one the old-timers are dropping out of the ring and looking for managerial or umpireal shoes.

The Chattanooga Club has been playing great ball, since a new company has taken hold of the helm.

Will White, as a general thing, is very effective, but occasionally he gets pounded clean out of the box.

Even the Birmingham Club has commenced to strengthen itself, so crazy are the southern people over baseball.

Gus Shallix's arm is "gone" completely, and the Nashvilles knew what they were doing when they released him.

McCormick is far from being played out, as his work thus far this season with the Chicago has clearly illustrated.

Tom Deasley has become so stuck up that he will not look at anybody since his picture appeared in the Official Record.

The Philadelphia made sad havoc in Providence and Boston, but it is to be hoped they will let the New Yorks down easily.

Kerins, Louisville's new catcher, gives promise of becoming one of the most valuable men in the American Association.

"Blondie" Purcell has developed into a royal kicker, and when he commences on an umpire he puts a mule to the blush.

The Pittsburg Club has a perfect horror of extra inning games, as they get knocked out in nine out of ten on a fair average.

By the time Welden and Caylor get done squabbling, everybody in Cincinnati will be thoroughly disgusted with our national game.

The colored boy, the exchanges speak of as Buck Ewing's mascot, is an infant about 6 feet tall, and in the neighborhood of forty years of age.

Stovey did his share last Friday against the Brooklyn, scoring three runs, which proved to be all the Athletics got, as no one came to his rescue.

Gaffney could not stand the severe criticisms of the spectators combined with those of the players, so he threw up the sponge and got out of the business.

McKeon and Keenan are to Cincinnati as Welch and Ewing are to New York. Even the attendance at the games is governed by their presence or absence.

Pete Browning tickled Will White Aug. 11 for three singles and two two-baggers out of five times at the bat. White tried to smile but he made a dead failure.

Rittenhouse, the pitcher of the Brocktons, got a trifle fresh and imagined he owned the earth, but he found out he only owned a ten-days' suspension without pay.

The Chicago say they will win the League championship in a canter, as they do not anticipate losing one game of the twenty-eight they have yet to play on their own grounds.

Hardie Henderson got a trifle funny in a recent game, but the ball wouldn't have it, and gave him such a crack in the nose that he went bellowing around for about half an hour.

Tug Arundel, of the Memphis Club, was in great luck when the Memphis people came to the front and paid the fine of \$50 imposed upon him by the umpire for being a trifle too fly.

The new brick wall surrounding the Chicago grounds was a great idea, but so many sections of it have tumbled down and the Chicago masons have been kept so busy making repairs that no other buildings have gone up in Chicago this year.

Fred. Goldsmith, the once famous pitcher of the Chicago Club, is meeting with great success as a Canadian League umpire. "Goldie" is one of the boys, and he does not take the least bit of back talk or bluffing from the players over his decisions.

The Buffalo Club no doubt knew what they were doing when they sold Galvin to the Pittsburg, as that gentleman's best days are over. He doesn't seem to be worth his salt, and has lost more games than he has won since he has been in the Smoky City.

One-armed Daily was not a very profitable investment for Lucas. He was paid \$300 per month, drew two months' salary, and during that time pitched in eight games. He was thirty-five times at the bat and made three hits. He received \$150 a game for his services, or, judging from a batting standpoint, \$400 a hit. No wonder Lucas released him.—Sporting Life.

Ted Sullivan got a trifle fresh recently at Atlanta, and tried to salt down one of the directors, but an Atlanta drummer picked up a chair and quickly convinced Ted that the salt was needed on the Sullivan end of the string. The fact is, Ted had to have an escort of a couple of policemen to protect him while he remained in Atlanta.

Morris, the pitcher of the Pittsburgh Club, contemplates going into the chicken business this winter. We are of the opinion, however, that he is making a mistake, as we know of a number of cases of men being shot who were engaged in this occupation, and it was only last winter that a nigger got a ball through his skull for simply removing the chickens from the roost to a bag.

Thus far Corcoran has only played in one game with the New Yorks, but that was sufficient to show that his arm was not as lame as the Chicago people had imagined it was. He was nervous and wild and was hit so freely in the early part of the game that the Boston won with apparent ease, but his work in the latter part of the game showed clearly that Clarkson was the lame spot in Corcoran's arm.

Chris. Von der Ahe and Horace Phillips have been scrapping around for a week, each trying to throw the blame on the other for having been so avaricious and grasping as to have played a game of baseball Saturday, Aug. 8, the day Gen. Grant was buried. Respect was due the hero of our country to have kept that day sacred, and when the patrons of the game in St. Louis and Pittsburg found fault, each manager put it on the shoulders of the other until the thing reached such a pitch that each one was looking for the other with knives and pistols. Von der Ahe got the best of the fight by producing Phillips' note for \$50, which took all the fight out of Phillips and made him jump the town.

There has been so much complaining this summer of the ice water on the ball field, and so many cases of cramps, that the managers have been obliged to come to the front and look out for the best interests of their players. Some have provided oat-meal water, while others have provided tea and iced coffee. None of them, however, have been as clear-sighted as Manager Clifford, who now can boast of the fittest and healthiest looking players in the baseball arena. Since the memorable day when they all drank water in Cincinnati and came so near drowning, Manager Clifford has nursed them like little children, and at the commencement of each game he has a nice, cool keg of beer placed alongside of the players' bench for the boys, with five more kegs on ice in reserve. The six kegs generally carries them through the game, unless it be an extra inning contest, but the boys play so few of these kind of games that it is not worth while to make special provision for them.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The struggle for supremacy in the National League is still highly interesting. The New Yorks are giving the Chicago a hard fight for first place, with a fair chance of wrenching it from their grasp. At present the Chicago are three games ahead of the New Yorks in games won and one the better off in games lost. Third and fourth places seem to be settled beyond a doubt, as the Providence Club stands alone in third place, fourteen games behind the New Yorks and eight games ahead of the Philadelphia Club, who in turn are pretty safe in fourth place, with a lead of seven games over the Boston, their next nearest opponents. The Boston are in fifth place with a lead of four games over the St. Louis and Buffalo Clubs, while the Detroit are bringing up the rear, two games behind. The following table gives a full record of the season's work up to and including the games of Monday, Aug. 17:

CLUBS.	Boston.	Buffalo.	Chicago.	Detroit.	New York.	Philadelphia.	Providence.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston.....	6	6	1	0	3	1	1	7	23
Buffalo.....	11	11	12	3	3	10	7	7	61
Chicago.....	6	10	9	9	5	8	9	9	53
Detroit.....	5	8	3	3	5	4	4	6	36
New York.....	5	9	4	9	4	4	4	6	44
Philadelphia.....	4	3	1	4	3	6	4	4	25
Providence.....	4	3	1	4	3	6	4	4	25
St. Louis.....	4	3	1	4	3	6	4	4	25
Games lost.....	46	51	17	51	18	41	25	49	301

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Although the championship question in the American Association has long since been settled, as there is no club in that body which has the audacity to dispute the claim of the St. Louis Club, still the race

is highly interesting. The fight for second place is now the main attraction, as the Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Louisville are chasing each other in the liveliest kind of a manner. The Cincinnati are now in second place, but they only occupy that enviable position by two games over the Pittsburg and three over the Louisville.

The contest between the four clubs hailing from the east is equally as interesting as the struggle between those coming from the west, for while the latter are battling for supremacy the former are fighting to keep away from the foot of the list. The Metropolitans have at last braced up and they are now putting in some pretty big licks, which may land them sixth or seventh in the race if they continue as they have begun. The record of the season's work up to and including Aug. 17, is as follows:

CLUBS.	Athletic.	Baltimore.	Brooklyn.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	Metropolitan.	Pittsburg.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Athletic.....	5	6	4	5	5	7	3	1	35
Baltimore.....	9	3	5	6	7	13	12	12	32
Brooklyn.....	9	3	5	6	7	13	12	12	32
Cincinnati.....	7	6	9	7	6	10	4	6	46
Louisville.....	7	7	5	4	8	6	5	4	46
Metropolitan.....	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	3	27
Pittsburg.....	5	9	10	7	7	4	5	5	46
St. Louis.....	9	11	9	7	5	9	8	8	58
Games lost.....	46	47	46	35	39	50	33	28	323

The Athletic's great soap-bubble team for next year, it is thought by Manager Law Simmons, will be the strongest in the baseball arena. Lew, in a very confidential tone, says: "Mathews, Stovey, Stricker, O'Brien, Milligan, Larkin and possibly Lovett or Knouff are about the only members of the present Athletic team who will play with them next year." He then opened up his air-valve, and some astonishing information escaped. "O'Brien and Milligan, with two men now in the League" (no doubt, Ewing and Deasley), "will do the catching. Mathews will be assisted by two pitchers, also now in the League." Can it be that he intends robbing New York of Welch and Chicago of Clarkson? "Stovey will go to right field, Larkin to left and a good fielder now on a League club possessing a good chance of winning the pennant will protect center." There is certainly no disguising the fact that he refers to Jim O'Rourke. "Stricker will be general utility man, Orr, of the Metropolitans, will cover first, while second, third and short will be filled by three men having no superiors in the country, and now playing with League clubs." This means that the New Yorks will have to give up Gerhardt as well as O'Rourke, while the Chicago will be deprived of Williamson and Burns. The "Mets" will of course contribute Orr, so a big champion nine on paper may be looked for in the Quaker City next season.

GETTING A CLEAN VIEW.

A Pioneer Californian's Adventure While Watching Women Swimming.

Said the old pioneer: "You see that warn't many Summer resorts in California in 1855; that warn't many swimmin' baths or private bath-rooms in them times, I can tell yer. Nobody went much on high-falutin' things in them days. If folks wanted ter take a swim they had ter go right in natural like, an' no mistake about it; that is, in that part of California that I lived in.

"Up on the Mokelumny we all used to go in, us men folks. One day I had been out huntin' an' was in the neck of returnin' home. As I was goin' along the river bottom I hearn somethin' splashin' in the water. It sounded ter me fur all the world like a deer. I crept careful like through the brush, when, dang my eyes, if that warn't some women in the Mokelumny bathin'! The brush was terrible thick, an' consarn it, it kinder hid the scenery. I couldn't get a good view of the river ter save my life. I never was so anxious like in all my days to bev a clean view of anythin'. Pardon, you can believe me or not, but I be a great admirer of art. I love the simplicity in natur, an' lovin' forms splashin' round in a Californy stream in the early days was somethin' more precious than good payin' diggings. I can tell yer.

"As I hev said before, the brush was consarnedly thick. I daren't move an' I couldn't see nuthin'. Finally I hit on a novel plan. Extendin' out over the Mokelumny was a reclinin' tree with a big limb which reached way over the water. I was lyn' at the foot of the tree. Suddenly the thought struck me, 'Dave, why in the tarnation Whilkins don't you climb the tree an' get out on the limb?' In them days, young man, I could climb. I'd no sooner thought of this than I run up that air tree like a catamount. You see the inducement was there an' ter a twenty-two year old boy it was great, I can tell yer. I climbed.

"Just as I gettin' nicely out on the limb an' without being seen by them that were bathin', the limb began snappin', an' before I knew it, splash! I went right inter the water an' among the wimen bathers.

"You ought to heard them wimen holler an' scream. You bet they got out of that place consarnedly quick, all but Mrs. S., my next door neighbor. She waded slowly to the bank, an' as she climbed out she remarked ter me: 'Dave, if I was you I'd take off my clothes before I went in swimmin' again.' I thought she was about right."

WHEN MISS KAICHEN FELT LUCKY.

S. M. Simpson, the distribution cigar-store man, on July 13th, met the Denver agent of the Louisiana State Lottery, and bought fifteen tickets from him, and sent ten of them to Leadville to a customer who asked to buy them, that night by mail, took five of them home, gave two to Miss Kaichen, his sister-in-law, who had told him she felt lucky and to purchase for her two fifths for two dollars in the Louisiana State Lottery, and retained three himself. Next morning a message came to the effect that No. 8,999 had drawn the capital prize. He told Miss Kaichen to look, and found that she had 8,999. The ticket was sent on and the money collected through the First National Bank of Denver, Col.—Denver (Col.) News, July 23.

DAN O'LEARY.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish an excellent new portrait of Dan O'Leary, the pedestrian.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

MAXWELL BACK IN ST. LOUIS.

The Returned Criminal Has a Regular Swell Reception.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The San Francisco train with the Maxwell party on board rolled into the Union Depot, St. Louis, at 6:50 o'clock, Aug. 10. Six thousand people held in check by twenty policemen formed themselves into a reception committee, and from bridges, trucks, and other convenient altitudes awaited the appearance of the noted prisoner. A half dozen reporters, who had caught the train along the road at Missouri points, were first to get off. Then from the rear of the sleeper "Peoria" Detective Tracy was seen to emerge, followed closely by an undersized man with a silky blonde beard two inches long and a pair of big blue eyes that looked from beneath a soft dark hat. His clothing was ill-fitting and travel-stained, and as he reached the platform his pale face grew a shade paler. The phrase was heard on all sides: "There he is." As Maxwell stepped from the car the multitude gave a combined shout that could be heard a mile away. A rush was made toward the prisoner, but he was quickly surrounded by a cordon of police, who forced and beat a passage to the headquarters patrol wagon standing under the Twelfth street bridge. The prisoner was hardly seated in the wagon when Tracy shouted, "Let her go." The driver applied the lash to the horses and the animals plunged forward under the bridge, while a small army of bluecoats clung to the rear steps.

The crowd gave a tremendous cheer as the wagon started for the Four Courts. The horses were urged rapidly forward, the crowd following as fast as it could, cheering and yelling the while. The mad chase was kept up until Police Headquarters was reached. Lodgers in the neighborhood were awakened by the shouts and cries of the thousands in the streets, and dressing as quickly as possible joined the excited throng. Twelfth street was impassable, Ably seconding the efforts of the young were old men, women, mothers with babes in their arms, and even small children. The wagon stopped in front of the Clark avenue entrance, and in a minute was surrounded by the throng.

"Take him out and hang him," shouted a tall man in a white hat, as Tracy and Badger lifted their charge from the wagon.

The officers formed a line and pressed the crowd back. As the prisoner finally disappeared behind the front doors another tremendous shout was given. Meanwhile the thousands who had been left by the patrol, but who nevertheless persisted in securing one more look, found the Twelfth street entrance to the building open, and poured in like a flock of sheep. In a minute the rotunda was jammed and again the officers formed in line and drove the mob out into the street. Maxwell was taken into the detective's room and given a chair. He was quite pale, and when seated heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, this is the toughest yet," said Detective Tracy.

"What do you mean by all this fuss?" asked Maxwell.

"Oh, they only want to make you feel at home," replied Chief Harrigan.

A number of lawyers besieged the prisoner, and turning to one who was unusually impudent, he said: "No, sir; I don't want you. If you had my case, I'd plead guilty, or justification, or extenuating circumstances."

Maxwell was given a good breakfast and then photographed. A public reception was held in the chief's office all the morning. There was a continual stream of prominent citizens, politicians, etc., and as each one was introduced to Maxwell he bowed stiffly, as if he missed the name and said:

"Beg pardon, what is the name?"

He spoke upon all subjects except the one of the tragedy. At 11 o'clock two employees of the Southern Hotel were sent for and confronted the prisoner. They positively identified him as the man who came to the hotel with Preller. Maxwell then acknowledged to Chief Harrigan that he occupied Room No. 34 at the Southern last April, and played billiards with Preller the Saturday before Easter Sunday. Charles Bieger, the trunk-maker, identified the prisoner as the man who purchased the two trunks from him the morning after the murder, and identified one of the trunks brought back from Auckland as one he sold him. There was a constant stream of visitors all day, and Maxwell talked pleasantly to all. He contributed a two-column article to the *Republic* on his trip and another on his experience in the Auckland jail. Society ladies are sending in requests for his picture.

LONG BRANCH SPORTING SCENES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Monmouth Park race track has had an immense boom this season, the crowds of sporting gentlemen and ladies which have attended the extended midsummer meeting has never been equalled in any part of the world. Among the bookmakers business has never been so brisk. We might say millions have changed hands during the last few months under the great stand. It is not alone at the race track that the large betting is done. A visit to the very elegant club-house of Phil Daly's, where, nightly, the most wealthy rattle the ivory chips in the "red and black" and other interesting games, is quite dazzling. In our large page of illustrations we give an idea of one of the parlors used for this purpose. If we desire to witness a very cheap game we must go down a side street or rather a lane, to a very dirty place with the high sounding name of "Palace." There we find the colored jockeys and waiters from the large hotels, in the heat of the battle over very small amounts, in their favorite game of "sweat."

The Jewish boarders are the most prominent people at Long Branch, they seem to have their nose into everything, which is also, by the way, a very prominent feature with the race. They fill the hotels, the "vater" the beach, the gambling clubs, in fact, even the air. This pretty bluff is the heaven of the Hebrew hamfatter and our dear uncle of Chatham street.

LILLIE.

[With Portrait.]

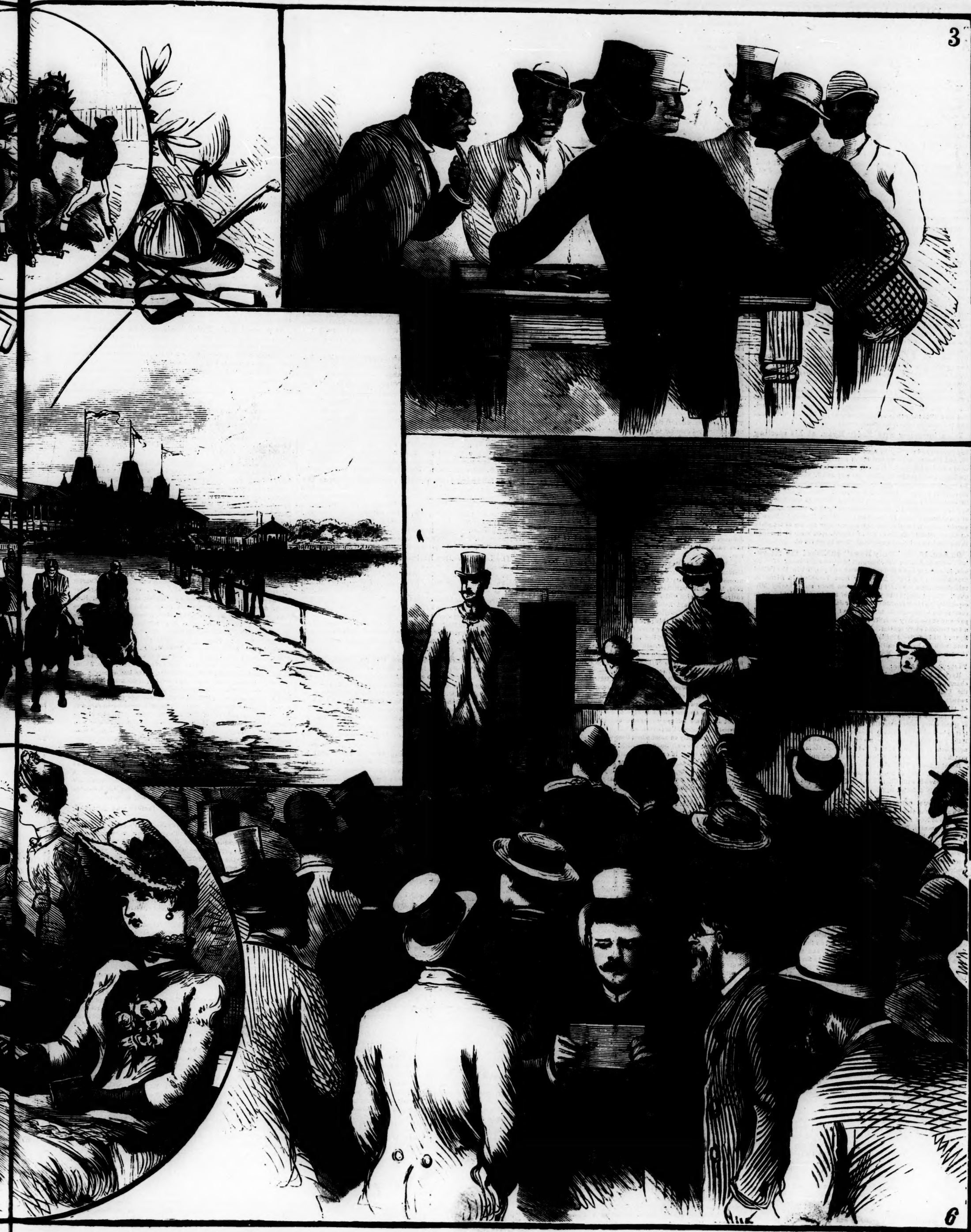
In this issue we publish the picture of the bull-terrier bitch Lillie, who has won every battle she fought; her fighting weight is 14½ pounds.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any news-dealer who does not keep this paper on sale.



LONG BRANCH, THE GREAT SUMMER

I.--Monmouth Park Race Track. II.--Gambling on the Sands. III.--A Colored Game of "Sweat." IV.--The Grand Parlor in Phil Daly's Club.



AMER SPORTING CITY BY THE SEA.

Club House. V.--Blowing in Her Dust at the Track. VI.--Among the Book-Makers. VII.--Rubbing Down Freeland After the Great Race.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Mike Cleary has moved the Wigwam saloon, San Francisco.

Paddy Ryan has named Sept. 17 as the date on which he will meet Sullivan.

There is more talk of a fight between Jack Dempsey and Carney, the English middle-weight.

Jack Burke and Tommy Chandler are on their way to San Francisco, where Burke is to meet Mike Cleary.

A glove fight between Donovan, of Auckland, and Pettengill, of Wellington, for £50 a side, was to come off in Wellington on July 8.

A sparring exhibition was given Aug. 9, at Central Garden, Corvinton, between Miss May Knight and a man by the name of Servia. After sparring 3 rounds Miss Knight was declared the winner.

Arrangements are to be made next week for a glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, to box 6 rounds, the winner to take the whole of the gate money. Jere Dunn will manage the affair and there will be no mis.

Ed. Smith, called "Young Smith," from Birmingham, Eng., has located in Chicago and makes Billy Lakeman's his headquarters. Smith is a promising young member of the athletic arena, has fought seven highly-contested battles, and was in all victorious except a soft-glove contest which was declared a draw. Smith is genial, good-natured and clever in other things besides "his dukes."

A 4-round contest will take place at Chester Park, Cincinnati, Aug. 29, between John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey for the championship of the world and the gate receipts. When these two men meet there will be some heavy work executed, and while we think Sullivan will best the Dominican he will have to work to do so. Aside from Ryan no other man would arouse the interest and excitement of confidence in himself but does not claim a superiority over Sullivan. If no interference is offered by the authorities this event will draw one of the biggest crowds that has turned out to any sport in Cincinnati in years. But we expect the police commissioners to put in their little word and prevent the fight from taking place.

In an interview with Paddy Ryan, at his sporting house on Coney Island, recently, the ex-champion said: "Sullivan has telegraphed me that he will spare me any time before Sept. 18, and I quietly drew up articles of agreement and sent them on to him for his approval. It has been the wish of my life to meet Sullivan, and now I am fighting him any way at all. The articles read: To spar 6 rounds, according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, with gloves, the winner to take all the receipts. The sum of \$500 is to be deposited by each to assure a meeting, the party not showing up to forfeit that amount. It was proposed that the contest take place at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, on Sept. 17 next." Ryan is keeping himself in trim, and is training near the sea at his place on Coney Island. Sullivan will, no doubt, soon begin to get into shape, as he has lots of superfluous flesh to get rid of.

On Aug. 12, the "Daily News" published the following: John F. Scholes, the champion heavy-weight boxer of Canada, is eager to box 4 or 6 rounds with any pugilist in the United States except Sullivan. In a letter from Toronto to a friend in this city Scholes says: "I have met Jim Mace and Charlie Mitchell. Now I should like to box any of the heavy weights, more especially Paddy Ryan, Jack Burke or Jake Kilrain, of Boston. A contest can be brought on to Albert Hall, in this city, and it will pay one of the heavy weights to cross the border and meet me in a 4 or 6-round glove contest. If I should be defeated by Burke or Ryan, I will acknowledge it like a man." On Aug. 14, Joe Denning, with his backer, called at this office and left the following challenge:

New York, Aug. 14, 1895.

To the Sporting Editor:

Having heard that John F. Scholes, the heavy-weight champion of Canada, is eager to box any pugilist in the United States except John L. Sullivan 4 or 6 3-minute rounds, the winner to receive \$5 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate receipts, please state that I will meet Scholes and arrange a match to box 4 or 6 rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, according to the above conditions. The contest to be decided at Toronto in three weeks from signing articles. If the Canadian champion means business he can forward articles of agreement to Richard K. Fox, and I will sign them and arrange the match. Joe Denning, heavy-weight champion of Brooklyn.

Denning stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighs 185 pounds in condition. He has fought many battles in the prize ring, and boxed 4 rounds with Charlie Mitchell, the champion of England, who recently defeated Scholes.

The glove contest between R. Mathews and W. Flynn, of Dunedin, for £50 a side and the heavy-weight championship of New Zealand, came off before a large audience at the Princess theatre, Dunedin, on July 4. Flynn is not quite so tall as Mathews, but is bigger made, and turns the scale at 18 stone 4 pounds, or nearly 20 pounds heavier than his opponent. The following account of the fight is from the "Evening Herald": On the word being given Mathews showed most readiness in leaving the chair, the consequence being that the first round was commenced near Flynn's corner of the stage. After some cautious sparring Mathews was the first to get a light body blow home, Flynn trying to respond by paying attention to the young American's left ear, but missing his mark several times. The play was light, and neither man apparently wished to exert himself in this round. The second round was also confined to Flynn's corner of the enclosure, and thus early it was evident, though a powerful hitter, he was greatly handicapped by the other's long reach. Mathews gained off, and Flynn appeared to be content to act on the defensive for a while, as several good openings were given, and there were cries from the audience of "In with your right." In the third round the local man was the first to land one on Mathews' left jaw, but in the twinkling of an eye, the latter returned the compliment by sending a beauty onto Flynn's ribs. Flynn now showed lack of condition. The fourth round produced some better boxing, each receiving one or two body blows, but Mathews drove Flynn up to the ropes just before time was called for the round. Interest in the affair was subsiding, as it was evident that Flynn was fatigued, and that he had no show. Mathews forced the fighting in the sixth round; a "close" occurred, and the blows came fast. Flynn received a stinger on the left jaw, which knocked him down and through the ropes. He came up again, but not smiling, and just before the round ended, Mathews refrained from taking advantage of a very good opening. The seventh was a very brief round, Mathews, who appeared quite fresh, having it all to himself. After receiving a stinger on the nose, Flynn, who was then near his chair, fell back into it. Not rising when time was called, Mathews was declared the winner.

On Aug. 11 there was a glove contest between Miss "Dell" Dickinson and Miss "Idie" Robbins. Both fought with gloves for a purse. Miss Robbins, accompanied by a younger sister, repaired to the sacred prohibition retreat with blood in her eye and revenge in her wounded heart. Miss Dickinson moved more slowly. To be exactly correct requires to be stated that a friend of the latter had to go after her and rub her ears, as it were, and implore her to advance upon the foe, which finally she did. The exercises at the park were of the most exciting character. The females took up position at least 100 feet apart, and it was with great reluctance that they were induced to get any closer. Getting on to the next little racket, some fifteen good citizens had left their seats and counselling-rooms to take in the next biggest thing to Grady's funeral, and their presence had the tendency to make the Amazonian warriors timid. But Referee Kindorf was equal to the emergency. He addressed ringing words of patriotism to the combatants, bade them to reflect upon the added stain which a display of cowardice would be sure to bring to the record, and strongly aroused a happy compromise of advance. He paced off the ground that separated them, and ordered each to advance a given number of paces. This brought them together, and with gleaming eyes and clinched fists they lit out for death or victory. After the exchange of a few poorly aimed blows and considerable hair-pulling the lesser combatant (Dickinson) flopped her heavier antagonist and held her firmly to the earth. But strangely enough no advantage was taken of this, no blows being dealt out. Referee Kindorf called "time," and round first was ended very clearly and

so declared in favor of Dickinson. In the second and last round there was a wicked fight. The referee had to take away a club from the Robbins girl, which she had picked up to destroy her wiry antagonist. Hair flew, both of the darlings used their finger nails as a skin irritator, blood was drawn, and the Robbins girl was pummeled and pummeled without mercy. Referee Kindorf mercifully called "time," and the damaged ones arose once more and retired. This was the end of the fight. It was getting altogether too public. Across the fields other good citizens were seen coming, and it was feared that if more rounds were fought, business would be entirely suspended in the town. The referee arranged, however, that the skirred principals should meet that night at 10 o'clock and conduct the fight to a finish, but when that hour arrived the ruffled Dickinson lost her nerve, feared foul play, and failed utterly to come to time, preferring to postpone further action to a time when she could better feel the assurance of fair play.

On Aug. 5 there was a desperate battle fought between Al. Johnson and Tom Ward at Harrington's Point, W. T. Hugh McCormack was chosen to fill the unenviable position; John Curran time-keeper. Ward's seconds were Dick McCarron and Billy McKinney; Johnson's were Chas. Turner and John Donaldson. The fight was for \$200-\$150 a side, the gate receipts to go to the winner, with bare knuckles, revised Marquis of Queensbury rules governing. Ward won the toss for choice of corners. Johnson was in good condition without a pound of spare flesh, and entered the ring weighing 141 pounds, while Ward evidently had not been in training long enough, although his face was much tougher and harder than Johnson's; his weight was 156 pounds. Johnson wore red tights and red sash; Ward was in white tights and green sash.

Round 1.—At the call of time both men were promptly at the scratch, each looking and sparring for an opening, this being about the only science displayed on either side throughout the entire fight. They suddenly made a rush for each other, and then began some terrible fighting on both sides, ending in Ward being knocked down by a heavy right-hand blow from Johnson. First knock down for Johnson. This ended the round, the allotted 3 minutes having expired.

Round 2.—Instead of giving the men 1 minute's rest, as the rules call for, time was again called at the expiration of 10 seconds. Ward came up badly winded, when Johnson forced the fighting, hitting Ward some heavy face blows, none of which seemed to cause Ward any particular inconvenience. First blood for Johnson, who just before the wind up of the round hit Ward a terrible blow in the stomach, which knocked the wind entirely out of and weakened him very perceptibly; \$20 to \$100 offered on Johnson, with no takers. At the end of this round Johnson's left eye showed up black and blue.

Round 3.—When time was called at the commencement of the third round Ward could barely be induced to continue the fight, but both his seconds made him get up and go at it again. The urging of Ward's seconds was plainly heard by Johnson's seconds, who thereupon instructed Johnson to push the fight and finish Ward in that round, and had he followed their instructions he would undoubtedly have won the fight then and there, but after fighting about half a minute they both clinched, the referee having hard work to separate them, and both sides claiming foul, neither of which were allowed. They then clinched again, were separated, and taken to their respective corners by their seconds.

Round 4.—Both came up groggy, and after exchanging a few blows, clinched, and when they were separated blood was flowing freely from Johnson's face. His seconds were constantly crying foul, claiming that while clinched Ward had bitten Johnson's nose, but referee McCormack said he had not seen it. They then went at it again, both apparently being exhausted, Ward falling twice and Johnson once. At the call of time both men retired to their corners, each only too happy to avail himself of the allotted 1 minute rest.

Round 5.—Ward was assisted to the scratch by his second, Dick McCarron, who evidently understood his business. Without any unnecessary preliminary tactics both Johnson and Ward got down to good, hard, solid business, it being give and take throughout the entire round, which without a doubt was the hardest one of the 13 rounds fought. Ward having somewhat the best of it; Johnson's nose and lips badly swollen, Ward's neck and body receiving a benefit. At the end of this round Johnson's seconds slashed above his eyes with a lance two or three times, trying to draw blood in order to reduce the swelling, but failed to reach it.

Round 6.—Ward was the freshest man of the two when he used the mark for the sixth round, but both seemed to be doing about equal work; blood running from both of them and Johnson spitting it out of his mouth in a stream. After clinching and being separated several times they would strike at each other, their blows lacking both power and force. Ward being incessantly reminded from his corner to keep his hands closed, as he was hitting Johnson with his open hand. It afterward transpired that Ward had hurt his right hand so badly that he was almost unable to close it. When time was called Johnson's left eye was closed and the left side of his face presenting a battered appearance.

Round 7.—Both promptly on hand when time was called, but too weak to do much heavy work. Johnson rallied somewhat and after hitting Ward several blows in each eye, both of which began to puff up, gave him two blows, one under the ear and one in the breast.

Round 8.—Ward was the first to advance beyond the scratch, going toward Johnson's corner. Johnson's heavy work in the latter part of the seventh round was evidently telling on him, though when Ward rushed toward him he hit him a blow in the neck which seemed to daze Ward; they then clinched, Ward being forced back against the ropes in Johnson's corner, when they were separated by the referee, who, by this time was himself covered with blood. Both went at it again in earnest, fighting as hard as two men could possibly fight, and amid loud cheers from Ward's corner, and cries of foul from Johnson's, time was called. Ward and Johnson were carried to their corners, rubbed down and each forced to take a drink. Johnson's right eye was now nearly closed and Ward's left ear looked as though it had been chewed by a bulldog. Four dollars to two offered on Ward.

Round 9.—At the beginning of this round Ward showed fresh life, he evidently having begun to get his second wind. Johnson led off by landing his right in Ward's left eye and hit him a hard body blow with his left. Ward retaliated by hitting Johnson a blow in the face, which caused him to fall on his hands and knees. Cheers were then proposed and given from each corner, first by Johnson's and then by Ward's sympathizers; \$100 to \$50 offered on Ward, but no takers. The crowd, though orderly, were apparently getting excited and were cautioned to remain as quiet as possible, as both were good, gritty men, and that whoever won the fight certainly deserved it. At the call of time Johnson was carried to his corner by his seconds and seemed very weak, partly from the heavy body blows given him during this round.

Round 10.—Ward, although his good looks were gone, came up fresh and with the look of a determined bulldog on his phiz. John was very groggy and after the exchange of a blow or two, they clinched when a loud claim of foul was made from Johnson's side; they insisted that Ward was butting Johnson with his head; the referee then separated them and ordered the fight to go on. They then again began some terrible slugging. Ward's evident intention being to close Johnson's right eye, and both sending in several occasional reminders in the shape of body blows.

Round 11.—When time was called both men jumped at each other and then it was again give and take. Ward rushing in and Johnson trying to make a stand off to get wind. They clinched and were separated probably a dozen times during this round, and when time was finally called Johnson's right eye was fast closing, his left having been useless for some time. Ward's right eye, though still open, was about ready to close, while his left was badly swollen. Neither of them seemed capable of doing any very effective work with their right hands, as they were both crippled.

Round 12.—Johnson led and after a little fighting they clinched, both being too weak to do much execution. Ward suddenly rallied and forced the fighting, using his every exertion to close Johnson's right eye. Both finally weakened and clinched, hitting each other with open hands; foul again claimed from Johnson's corner, this time by gonging, but not allowed. Although the principals were now looking really horrible they hardly compared with Referee McCormack, who was covered with blood from head to foot, and whose once white shirt was now wringing with gore. Poor Hubery! He had the sympathy of everybody, but not the sympathy of the principals. Loud cheer from both corners at the conclusion of this round.

Round 13.—Ward rushed into Johnson's corner and between the heavy body blows and those on his right eye, Johnson, who could stand no longer, staggered back to his corner and sank exhausted on his chair, pitifully telling his seconds that although he had done his best, he was now done, as he could not see. They then threw up first a cap and afterward a sponge. Time of round thirteen, 1 minute. Time of fight, 55 minutes.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

No wonder Chinn & Morgan refused \$15,000 for Ban Fox. He beat all the best two-year-olds in the country on Aug. 10, and ran the three-quarters in 1:15.

John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., and Dennis A. Driscoll, of Lynn, Mass., have been matched to walk 12 hours heel-and-toe at Lynn, Mass., on Sept. 9.

W. J. Gordon's double team, Clingstone and Guy, trotted mile heats at Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 12, in 2:17½, 2:17—the last trial was 2:16½. Tom Daubar drove the team.

The seventh championship marksmen's class match was shot at Creedmoor, L. I., on Aug. 12, and the gold medal was again won by John F. Klein, Seventeenth Separate Company, with the score of 21, 25—45.

Wallace Ross states that if William Kanuth will post \$50 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office, he will match George Gaisel to row Kanuth from the Battery to and around Bedloe's Island, for from \$200 a side and upward.

George Fullames, the Canadian pugilist, has not retired from the prize ring as reported. The Toronto Mail says: "Harry Gilmore and Fullames have been matched in a glove contest for \$250 a side. Both pugilists are hard at work training for the encounter."

E. F. Weston and Daniel O'Leary are to again come together in a 6-day heel-and-toe walking match for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Weston would start a heavy favorite in such a contest with O'Leary, and his chances of winning would be the best.

Donovan, the Auckland light-weight champion, decided a match at the Theatre Royal, Napier, on July 2, T. Williams being his opponent, and the stakes \$5 a side. Donovan undertaking to knock out his man in 6 rounds. He succeeded in doing, Williams giving up in the fourth round.

The swimming championships of the New York Athletic Club were decided on the Harlem River, at Harlem, N. Y., on Aug. 12. The summaries are: One hundred yards—H. E. Toussaint won by 8 yards in 1 minute 27 3/4 seconds; W. G. Morse second, by 5 yards, and J. B. Moore third. This was a good race for 90 yards. The winner led all the way. Half-mile—H. E. Toussaint won by 10 yards in 14 minutes 27 seconds; C. T. Schlesinger second, by 8 yards; H. E. Muller third, by 5 yards, and F. P. Sherwood fourth. Toussaint led all the way.

The following visitors called at this office during the past week: Billy Madden, Joe C. Hart, Tom O'Connell, Robert Nell, Frank Lyman, Newark; Ben Stern, Ted. D. Marks, Robert Bruce, B. F. Grinnell, James Clark, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Loftus, Scranton, Pa.; Ed. Malahan, Matsuda Sorakichi, Chas. Johnson, Philadelphia; Wm. Brackett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John T. Gorman, Geo. Anderson, Charles Huxley, Al. Powers, Dan. H. Sims, Newark; T. H. Haley, "City of Albany"; Daniel O'Leary, Geo. Frederick Davies, Chicago; Joe Denning, Tim Flynn, Jere Dunn.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravity road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh river, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Corlandt or Desbrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on Aug. 26, Sept. 8, 20, Oct. 7 and 21, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss the trip.

James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa., has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and issued a challenge to match John Grady, of Scranton, to wrestle Matsuda Sorakichi, the champion Japanese wrestler, catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls for \$250 or \$500 a side. The challenge has been accepted by Sorakichi's backer, and the match is to be arranged. Grady is a well-known wrestler, and holds from Wigan, Eng., and the sporting men of Scranton are confident he can beat any wrestler in America, but Acton. Grady stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 135 pounds. Matsuda Sorakichi stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Prof. Alf. Austin, P. T. Barnum, Geo. B. Dunell, J. B. Bag, A. M. Clark, Col. Cunningham, Judge J. L. Croly, William Delaney, James W. Fullbrook, John Fitzgerald, Tommy Ferguson, Edward M. Gress, H. C. Gordon, Chas. E. Greene, Miss Anne Hart, Denis Hanley (3), Tom Hall, Samuel Irwin, Bob Ingerson, H. M. Johnson, J. Edwin Irving, Miss May Tobin, J. Kilrain, John J. Liden, Geo. W. Lee, M. Kittelman, Eph Morris, G. B. Morris, Pat Murphy, Joe Mace (2), John McMahon, John S. Prince, Duncan C. Ross (2), Wm. Smith, John Smith, John T. Tharntock, C. J. Travis, C. W. Oap, Clarence Whistler, Frank White, J. M. Wales.

The annual games of Court Essex, No. 6,806, A. O. F., were decided at Caldonia Park, Newark, N. J., on Aug. 17. The following is a list of the winners:

One hundred and twenty yards scratch—Won by P. Brady, Newark, N. J.

One-mile race, handicap—Won by A. Sacks, Newark.

One-sixth mile race, handicap—Won by W. C. Richardson, Newark.

Fat man's race, 100 yards—Won by W. Bookaby, 196 pounds.

Newark: time, 12 seconds.

One-sixth mile hurdle—Won by S. D. See, Williamsburgh A. C.

The tug-of-war test, between Court Essex, Perseverance and Jersey City—Court Jersey City pulled Court Essex 13 feet.

They afterward pulled Court Perseverance team, of Newark. Court Perseverance claiming a foul, it was pulled again, Court Jersey City winning.

The archery contest was won by Mrs. G. Meyers—handsome gold lace pin.

At Monmouth Park, on Aug. 18, there was one of the most exciting races ever witnessed between three of the best horses on the turf. The race came about in this way: Corrigan brought his horse down from Saratoga to battle for the Champion Stakes on Aug. 10. Miss Woodford and Louise were pitted against him. He beat them handily. Dwyer Bros. believed that their mare was not at her best, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard thought that his colt Pontiac, that had drawn Miss Woodford in the Easton Stakes and Louise in the Passaic Stakes, was fully able to wrest the championship from Freeland. An open sweepstakes was started at \$1,000 each, play or pay, with \$2,000 added. Freeland was brought from Saratoga, and many supposed the journey would injure his chances. About 7,000 persons were present.

Betting—Pontiac—Freeland, \$130; Miss Woodford, \$200; Pontiac, \$135. Books—10 to 9 on Freeland, 8 to 5 against Miss Woodford, 5 to 2 against Pontiac.

Freeland won the race by a neck.

Summary—A sweepstakes of \$1,000 each, for all ages, with \$2,000 added; to name and close Aug. 15. One mile and a quarter.

E. Corrigan's b. g. Freeland, 6, by Longfellow—Belle Knight, 117 (Murphy).

Dwyer Bros.' br. g. Miss Woodford, 5, 115 (J. McLaughlin).

Ranocas Stable's blk. c. Pontiac, 5, 118 (W. Hayward).

Time, 2:08.

About \$50,000 changed hands.

The swimming contests of the New York Athletic Club were decided on Aug. 15 on the Harlem river, N. Y. Messrs. R. H. Halstead and B. C. Williams were the judges, and Messrs. J. H. Abeel, jr., with M. W. Ford, time-keepers. H. E. Buermeyer was referee. In the 100-yard race the starters were: R. Baum, Chicago Aquatic Club; M. P. Connell, Dauntless Rowing Club; H. E. Toussaint, N. Y. A. C.; J. B. Moore, N. Y. A. C.; W. G. Morse, N. Y. A. C.; E. H. Warrington, of Birmingham, England, and Herman Braun, of New York. Baum reached the float at the New York shore first in 1 minute 18 3/4 seconds, beating all previous amateur records for 100 yards, and, it is said, coming within 3 3/4 seconds of the best professional record in America for that distance. Toussaint was second in 1:25¼; Harrington third, in 1:28¼; Baum fourth, in 1:33¼; W. G. Morris, fifth, in 1:36. J. B. Moore and M. P. Connell swam a

me in 1:37. For the mile race the starters were R. F. Magee, of Baltimore; R. Baum, Chicago Aquatic Club; C. F. Lunjack, Institute Boat Club, of Newark; H. E. Toussaint, N. Y. A. C., and H. Warrington, of England. Magee won in the fast time of 22 minutes 35 seconds; Baum second, in 24:45¼; Warrington third, in 24:57¼; and Lunjack fourth, in 27:46¼. Magee beats his own previous record 3 minutes 3¼ seconds, and the record of J. J. Collier, who swam a mile in Hollingsworth Lake, Eng., on Aug. 22, 1884, by 5 minutes 41¾ seconds. The latter swam in still water, while Magee had a strong tide with him. Magee has also a fast 12 mile record.

At present a review of the late performances of Puritan and Priscilla shows the former to be the faster boat. In the run from New London to Newport she defeated the Priscilla by 34 seconds actual time, although Priscilla passed the Boston sloop off Watch Hill and arrived off Fort Adams 3 minutes 30 seconds ahead of her. Their next meeting was in the contest for the Goelet Cup. With housed topmasts, in an ugly easterly sea, they stubbornly fought for first place in a long beat of 18 miles to windward. Puritan showed herself to be the best sea boat, and won by 10 minutes 16 seconds. Priscilla's best sail of sailing before the wind was shown in the next day's run to New Bedford, when she won by over 11 minutes. Puritan's balloon jibtop sail being split during the run retarded the latter's progress, so that the Priscilla's real advantage was not so great after all. The prettiest race of these two beauties was in the run from New Bedford to Oak Bluffs the next day. Side by side in the smooth Vineyard Sound they raced in a "coupper" breeze, Priscilla winning by 2 minutes 44 seconds. Had not the iron in Puritan's main throat halliard block given out off Tarpaulin Cove on that day, by which her mainsail laid on deck 9 minutes, Priscilla would not have won, as Puritan was over a mile in the lead when the accident occurred. Puritan won by 6 minutes 10 seconds in the following day's run to Newport in a light breeze, with no sea on. Thus Puritan has pretty clearly demonstrated her superior sailing qualities so far. Of Genesta nothing definite can be said, as there is no data upon which to base her speed, but there are strong reasons to believe that she is very fast under any conditions.

At Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on Aug. 13, the great trotting duel between Harry Wilkes and Phallus was decided, and the latter beaten. Phallus was, of course, a favorite before the race began, selling at \$20 to \$30 for Wilkes. Everybody who bought the stallion—before the race began—walked away with the remark that it was like "picking up \$9 in the street," and so general did this sentiment become that the pool selling came almost to a standstill.

Summary.
Match trot; \$3,000 to the winner and \$1,000 to the loser.
W. G. France's b. g. Harry Wilkes, by George Wilkes, (Frank Van Noon)..... 1 1 2 1
J. L. Case's b. s. Phallus, by Victor (Ed. Bitter)..... 3 2 1 2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	Mile.
First heat.....34	1:07½	1:42¾	2:16	2:16
Second heat.....34½	1:08½	1:43	2:16	2:16
Third heat.....35	1:09	1:44	2:16	2:16
Fourth heat.....35½	1:07	1:42¾	2:16	2:16

It was the general opinion of sporting men that the race was a fraud; that it was an outrageous piece of chicanery; that Philadelphia was fast gaining the reputation of being the Mecca of horse sharps. On the contrary, every man who bet on Harry Wilkes believed, or professed to believe, that the race was a fair one and that the horses were driven for all they were worth. As all events, the great stallion, with a record of 2:19½, was beaten, and in a slow race at that, the best time being made in the first heat, when Wilkes passed under the wire in 1:16. It is estimated by close and experienced observers that between \$14,000 and \$15,000 changed hands on the result, without attempting to compute private bets outside the limits of their knowledge.

The thirteenth annual meeting and regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on the Charles river, at Boston, Aug. 13 and 14. First day, Aug. 13—Junior singles—First heat—Was won by P. Snyder, of the Mutual Boat Club, Albany; time, 9 minutes 19 seconds. Second heat—Was won by J. H. Kayle, of the Excelsior Club, Paterson, N. J.; time, 9 minutes 43½ seconds. Third heat—Was won by Matthew Quigley, of the Institute Club, Newark, N. J.; time, 9 minutes 12½ seconds. Senior singles—First heat—Was won by M. F. Monahan, of the Albany Rowing Club; time, 9 minutes 9 seconds. Second heat—Was won by Daniel J. Murphy, of the Greenock Club; time, 9 minutes 6 seconds. Third heat—S. Scholer, of the Don Amateur Association, Toronto, Ont., and Fred Gustafson, of the Mode Club, St. Louis, rowed a dead heat; time, 8 minutes 37 seconds. Fourth heat—Was won by E. J. Mulcahey, of the Mutual Club, Albany, N. Y.; time, 9 minutes 59½ seconds. The Junior four-oared race was won by the Dirigo Club, of Portland, Me.; time, 8 minutes 31 seconds. Second day, Aug. 14—Senior singles—First heat—Was won by Daniel J. Murphy, of the Crescent Club, Boston; time, 9 minutes 42 seconds. The four-oared senior shells was won by the Nautilus Rowing Club, of Hamilton, Can.; time, 8 minutes 25 seconds. The pair-oared race was won by the Ariels, of Newark, N. J.; time, 9 minutes 32 seconds. Junior singles—First heat—Was won by Peter Snyder, of the Mutual Boat Club, Albany; time, 9 minutes 34 seconds. The double scull race was won by the Albany Rowing Club. The eight-oared race was won by the Columbia Boat Club, of Washington; time, 7 minutes 46½ seconds.

At this office, on July 14, \$100 forfeit was received, with the following articles of agreement:

SUNAMDOKE, Pa., July 11, 1895.
Articles of Agreement made and entered into between Thomas Brennan, of Tanamqua, Pa., and E. S. Tidale, of Toronto, Can., whereby the said parties agree to run a foot race of 200 yards, subject to the following conditions: The race is to be for \$250 a side. There is now deposited the sum of \$50 each in the hands of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee. There is to be another \$100 deposited on or before the first day of August next, and the final deposit of \$100 shall be deposited on the grounds before the race, in the hands of the said Richard K. Fox or his representative. The said race shall take place at Bittersville (Pa.) Driving Park, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of August, 1895, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M. George Turner, of Philadelphia, shall be pistol-fier, Sheriff rules to govern. The expenses of referee and pistol-fier to be paid out of gate money and the balance to be given to the winner. Either party failing to comply with the above conditions shall forfeit all money up;

Witness:
Wm. J. Rhoads.
R. S. TIDALE,
THOMAS BRENNAN.

PET JAMES SMITH.

On the day of the race neither the Canadian nor any representative appeared on the grounds. Brennan was on hand ready to run, and his backer posted his final deposit of \$100 with William E. Harding, who had been appointed referee by Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder. At 4 P. M. neither Tidale or his representative appeared, and Wm. E. Harding declared Brennan the winner of the forfeit, \$150, and Richard K. Fox paid over the stakes according to the referee's decision. John Mackey, of Toronto, was Tidale's backer.

John L. Sullivan, in a recent interview, said that he did not wish to say much about the "paper giants" who were constantly able and ready to whip him—for gate receipts. When his attention was called to what McCaffrey said in New York about him on Thursday, John L.'s eyes became radiant, and, with a wink of his left eye, he said: "I see McCaffrey says he would never have engaged to box or fight me but for my blowing what I would do with him. Let me say right here I have never done any blowing. For I believe the proof of the pudding is the eating of it. McCaffrey bluffed in grand style until I went to face him in Philadelphia. Then seeing I was on hand for business he wilted, and the intervention of the police and my arrest then came. The majority of the people know how and why this was done. McCaffrey was saved for further service in the way of fighting for gate money. I propose to meet him now in Cincinnati on the 25th, that is if I am assured that he means business and that I shall be protected from police interference and arrest. I don't intend to run my neck into a halter for the sake of downing a chap like McCaffrey. I think I can do him in 1 round, if I take the notion. At any rate I'll down him to the Queen's taste." Tom Delany, who was present, and who trained the champion for several battles in the past, said that John "would do up McCaffrey in a single round." At any rate, he felt like betting on it, as Sullivan, after his rest of the past four months, was bigger and stronger than ever. The champion will go into a course of training on a farm some twelve miles outside of Belfast, Me., and will leave Boston on Monday. The battle is said to be for the gate receipts, the winner to get all and the loser nothing, and will take place at the racing park, which offers facilities for 50,000 people. Sullivan, it is understood, will train himself for the coming fight.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

By the way, I recently read the following in the *Daily News*: "It is folly for any one to speculate on a selling-race nowadays, for nearly every horse entered is run stiff—i. e., not for to win, unless the one the public have not backed. It is the book-makers and not the horses that run in a selling-race. A first-class instance was the selling-race at Monmouth Park on Aug. 6. Nearly every horse in the race was backed heavily except Guitard and Black Jack in the books. Black Jack won—paid \$67 for \$3—while in the books only a few had backed him."

Petersburgh is a running horse owned by the Dwyer Bros. He starts in one or more races on each day of Monmouth Park meetings, but is never first or second.

I think he is either a rank outsider and no account, or else a sleeper. If he can win he should be allowed to do so, for the sporting public are becoming tired of backing him.

East Lynne, it is reported, has a leg liable to break down any time she starts.

Bookmakers will now be laying \$5 to 1 against Bernard's horse.

It is my opinion if Pierre Lorillard's Saluda, by Mortimer, had been carefully ridden by Rafferty at Monmouth Park races on Aug. 6 that he would have beaten Dwyer Brothers' Brambleton.

The great lack of judgment of jockeys at the finish of a race loses many a race nowadays. After they have a race just about won they forget they have not crossed the wire and become careless and let the victory slip from their grasp.

At the headquarters of the New York Yacht Club there are rumors afloat that James Gordon Bennett had tendered his resignation.

After looking up the matter I found that, being unable to be here to command the squadron on this cruise, Mr. Bennett deemed that it would be only just to the club to resign a position which he could no longer fill as it should be filled. He wrote to Mr. Milton, expressing this view, and authorizing him to present his resignation to the club, so as to leave it free to select a new Commodore if it chose to do so.

The letter was shown to Vice-Commodore Douglass, ex-Commodore J. D. Smith, ex-Commodore Thomas and other influential members of the club, and it was decided to send a reply to Commodore Bennett expressing regret at his unavoidable absence, but telling him that he must not think of resigning his position.

It would never do for James Gordon Bennett to resign the commodoreship of the New York Yacht Club just on the eve of a great international contest, and it is a matter of rejoicing that he has decided to still hold the helm.

It is well known that James Gordon Bennett is the main stay and brain of the New York Yacht Club, and his resignation would be nearly as bad as if the Genesta won the Queen's cup.

In regard to the rival yachts, the Furitan and the Priscilla, the majority of the yachtsmen agree that the Furitan is the best.

The yachtsmen have not seen the Genesta at her best, but they have seen the Bedouin and Stranger, and the Helen and Isis, and they don't believe it possible that the Genesta can be so very much better than these, as she must be in order to beat either the Furitan or Priscilla.

I should judge that the yacht Montauk's day is over.

After she passed to her present owner a new captain and an entire new crew was engaged, and up to this time they have not got her in her old form.

Everybody remembers the thrash to windward in 1883 between Montauk and Fortuna, from Marblehead to the Isle of Rhé, under precisely similar conditions as those which obtained during the race for the Goulet Cup Aug. 3, and the Montauk beat Fortuna some half hour, but the keel-schooner was too much for her this year in the race for the cup, and in disgust her new owner took her back to New Haven.

At the Saratoga races on Aug. 8, Lucky Baldwin's Rapid defeated Favor, Brunette, E. right and other cracks, and gave the betting talent a great surprise.

The post odds were 20 to 1—\$30 won \$600.

One would naturally suppose that when a race horse is run day after day and does not win even place money, that he is of no account. This is a mistake; half the owners of race horses nowadays cannot have long enough odds laid against their horse's chances of winning, and the result is that the horse is allowed to enter and run in a race after race until few believe he possesses the quality and quantity to win and fall to back him.

The owner's agent is able to secure 20 and 30 to 1 against his chances of winning and he is brought out for the money and wins just when only his owner and a few friends have bought him.

It was a capital idea when the college boat club decided to return to the old rule of having professional oarsmen to coach and train them.

To see a college training under the mentorship of a professional sculler, reminds one of the great rowing races between the rival college crews ten years ago, when Joshua Ward, Ellis Ward, Fred. Sanders and John Bigha coached Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst and Wesleyan.

Every pugilist that lands on these shores wants to meet Sullivan. Why? Because more people will pay to see Sullivan box than any other pugilist living.

As a general thing English pugilists rely on the mighty name of Sullivan to fill the Garden. The foreign artist is willing to dodge four rounds for a slice of the gate money, which always amounts to thousands.

If you believe them, every English pugilist can stand up before Sullivan for four 3-minute rounds.

Oh, yes, any one of these wonders can knock Sullivan over the rope before the evening comes, but at the right moment the ambitious importation has all the business he can attend to in trying to crawl between the sturdy limbs of the champion.

A scientific Marquis of Queensbury soft glove contest of four rounds is not such a brutal sight as many persons appear to believe.

In nine cases out of ten it amounts merely to a test of strength and endurance, other things being equal, the man in the best physical condition always wins.

In case the contestants are not in the very best form, or if they are allowed to work too hard in the first two rounds, the latter part of the affair often presents a very ridiculous spectacle instead of the blood-curdling one the moralists would have it supposed.

The fact is, a modern prize fight is only brutal when brutes contend in it, if the combatants possess any science they do their best to display it, for its display is a matter of pride with them and of value to their reputations. Hard hitting without science may make a man notorious but it brings him no permanent fame.

Ken. Roscoe Conkling says: "There is no manlier exercise to-day than boxing; none which is better for the development of the muscle and none which does more to teach a man to keep his temper."

"Hard enough it is for players to keep their temper always at chess, tennis, or golf—especially golf."

"But it is harder and even more necessary in boxing. A blow with the glove on the nose can be agreeable to no one, and the boxer learns to bear his amount of pain with a constant heart and without making wry faces."

"The exercise is excellent for wind and limb, and was much practiced by the Greeks, whose gloves, however, increased and did not deaden the force of a blow."

To be able to box, too, may be of great service to a man in one of those difficulties into which circumstances may force the most powerful.

Won't the press be considerate enough to let up about Courtney's intentions? The man is only a third-class performer. He has succeeded in earning for himself a reputation of being the rankest quitter that ever sat in a racing shell; yet there appear to be papers anxious to keep puffing Courtney's qualifications.

Courtney if left alone would be lost sight of and forgotten in six months; but many writers appear to think it of great importance to manufacture some special report every few weeks.

I should not like the position as starter at the race-course, no matter how competent I might be. I could not stand, in fact I could not endure, the constant "nagging" of interested owners who refuse to consider that either their horses or their riders were in fault.

I was a constant attendant at the Coney Island Jockey Club races at Sheepshead Bay last year, which ended in a successful manner, and I think the starting as a whole during the meeting was far better than could be expected.

It is my opinion that we have come to such a pass in this country that the abilities of first-class jockeys, even over the alert to get off in good motion, will bring about the discharge of a "starter" on the ground that such riders are favored with the start.

I think in nine cases out of ten a bad start is owing to owners having inferior jockeys in the paddock, and the result is McLaughlin, Donohue, Hughes, Lewis, Shaver, Brennan and others, who for their expenses in getting their horses off must be handicapped by the blundering efforts of less expert riders, and that if a "starter" wishes to retain his place at the sacrifice of sense of justice he will try to catch these riders at a disadvantage, and drop the flag when their backs are toward him.

Actually, I think it puts a premium on bad starting, and it is a great sorrow which should be remedied.

I was somewhat surprised to read in an exchange that pugilists never live to a very old age.

And that the majority of them die before they reach their prime.

It is my opinion that the writer is not very well posted on what he is writing about.

I verily believe that the standard of turf morality was never higher than it is at present, and the public confidence placed in owners of horses was never more marked nor ever so widespread.

The public at large have a real sympathy with owners which did not always exist, and are far more willing to ascribe anything that may happen adverse to their particular fancies, to the "chances of war," mishaps in training, or any other unavoidable causes which bring disappointment in their train, than as was too often the case in days when suspicion, generally unfounded, led to uncharitable comments and ugly hints.

This feeling is one of which the country at large might well be proud, while to those immediately associated with the race horse and racing it must be especially gratifying and encouraging. When a horse fell lame in olden days it was no uncommon occurrence to hear such remarks as "trod upon a pencil," or "fell over his own back coming out of his stable."

Or if he had developed a cough or gone amiss in any way, "What's the matter with him? Pencil fever, that's what's the matter with him," used to come glibly from the tongue of malice and uncharitableness.

Nowadays everything is so palpably fair and above board, and owners are so desirous that the slightest breath of suspicion should not attach to them, that these traits of the past as attaching to racing have so far disappeared that their expression is rather the exception than the rule. To put the matter plainly, the public believe in the high honor of owners, and owners are equally anxious to deserve that position with the public.

I understand that Running Deer, the Indian, is one of the best lacrosse players in Canada.

He was born near Deseronto, on the Mohawk reserve, July 27, 1850, and is therefore just thirty-five years of age. His mother was of the famous or infamous Stony tribe, who have assisted to cause the Dominion so much trouble. His father is a full-blooded Mohawk, and is a fine specimen of these Indians.

He has played with all the principal Indian clubs, such as the Ojibwas, Tuscaroras and Six Nations, but as a player has never been excelled.

Now the turf season is in full swing, I must call attention to the confusion who travel ringer round the country.

They are generally proficient liars, and holding a book in their hand doesn't make their statement one whit more blinding on their conscience.

Again, these ringers injure and disgust the owners of legitimate contestants by dropping heats.

As an illustration in point we will quote a race that was trotted here three years ago. There were two or three good green horses in the race and a ringer whose identity was afterward fully established. All the horses trotted well, but at the finish of the first heat one of the green horses and the ringer quit their followers, and had a ding-dong fight of it within fifty yards of the wire.

Then the driver of the ringer in the interest of the gang took him in hand and dropped the heat to the green fellow. It is almost needless to add that he afterward went on and won the race, but the result of his work was that a fast record was given to a young green horse that had no show to win anything better than second money.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

S. W., Seymour, Ind.—No.

D. M., New York.—It is a draw.

E. T., Whitestown, N. Y.—A win.

W. B. S., New York City.—Write to John L. Sullivan.

CONSTANT READER, Spring Lake, Mich.—Thanks for items.

J. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—We have not Mrs. Annie Lewis' address.

J. S., Boston, N. Y.—No. N. Y., is 148 miles from New York City.

H. S. R., Albion, N. Y.—A loss. Joe Coburn never defeated Jim Mac.

H. M. N. H., Fayette Co., Pa.—Send \$5 and we will mail you the best gloves.

D. J. E., Troy, N. Y.—We have a large number of the new edition on hand.

T. J., Quilman, Miss.—Send \$5 to this office and we will furnish you with the book.

A. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Sexton, the billiard champion, was born in Burlington, Vt.

F. B., Washington, D. C.—Marian was born in Toronto, Can.; he is an American.

A GREAT many communications are unanswered, having no name or address of writer.

J. L., Carbondale, Kan.—We will publish your challenge if you will send on a forfeit.

CONSTANT READER, Oneonta, N. Y.—Write to James Dugro, Mechanicville, N. Y.

L. M., Canada.—Lucien Marc Christol and Andre Christol are two different athletes.

J. S., Fall River, Mass.—1. It was a first-class performance. 2. Have sent you catalogue.

J. L., Lovelady, Tex.—There is no newspaper that makes a specialty of card playing.

SUSANNAH, San Rafael.—Joe Coburn had several benefits, so that it is impossible to designate the places.

L. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Casino is correct. 2. John Morrissey's colors were silk blue ground with white dots.

FRUITER, Burlington, Iowa.—Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you the "American Athlete and Guide to Training."

SAN LUIS, Obispo.—John H. Clark was born in the County Galway, Ireland, May 18, 1849. Arrived in America July 11, 1870.

N. B., I. T.—We do not keep a Police Court calendar; consequently, cannot inform you when Chas. Pierce was sentenced.

A. J. L., Lynn, Mass.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds, Paddy Ryan 190 pounds, the day they fought at Mississippi City.

J. S., McAllister, I. T.—Twenty-nine feet seven inches is the longest running jump on record. It was made by John Howard in England.

J. V. C., New York.—Jack Dempsey, in conjunction with Tom Clary, has opened the Neaprell saloon, 17 Powell street, San Francisco.

G. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, July 13, 1865. 2. Chas. E. Courtney was born at Union Springs, N. Y., in 1848.

T. E. K., Hawk Eye, Iowa.—1. Send 25 cents and we will send you a record book. 2. Twenty-nine feet seven inches is the longest running jump.

A. M., Ogden, Utah.—Send 20 cents to this office for the "Life and Battles of John C. Heenan." It gives full particulars of the information you want.

B. B., Rockford, Ill.—1. Sullivan and Wilson did not box without gloves. 2. Tom Sayers' weight the day he fought John C. Heenan was 161 pounds.

G. F., North Haverick, N. Y.—All bets followed the stakes. If the judges decided bets off all wagers and money staked on the said race should be returned.

C. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:10½, at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. 2. Maud S. was accompanied by a running mate, and a win.

H. F. K., Warsaw, Ind.—1. Providence. 2. The Great Eastern was launched January, 1858. She is 600 feet long, with 35 feet beam; ordinary tonnage, 12,000.

D. E., St. Louis, Mo.—1. We can forward you any sporting goods you require. 2. We don't keep the photographs you refer to nor do we know where you can get them.

CONSTANT READER, Dayton, O.—Send to this office for the "Life and Battles of John C. Heenan," price 30 cents. It contains full particulars of Sayers' battle with Heenan.

D. E. S., Galena, Ill.—1. Ned Neal, the famous English pugilist, was born at Streatham, Surrey, Eng., March 23, 1805. 2. His parents were not English. They were Irish.

C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Send 30 cents and we will send you "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," which will give you all the information.

W. H. B., Kelchlin, Idaho.—1. John L. Sullivan was declared the winner in his glove contest with Jack Burke at Chicago. 2. John C. Heenan never won a prize ring encounter.

L. M., Cincinnati, O.—The four-earred race between Harvard and Oxford was rowed from Putney to Mortlake, Eng., Aug. 27, 1859. Oxford won by a length and a half, in 22 minutes 20½ seconds.

Y., Denver, Col.—The Climax Ball Rack is what you want. It registers every game, dumps the balls instantly, and locks them when not in play. Write the Benedict Billiard Table Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

H. S., Chicago, Ill.—1. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., stands 5 feet 11 inches, and measures 45 inches around the chest, 34 inches around the waist, and weighs 190 pounds. 2. Dufur wrestled in ninety-seven contests.

L. D., Cincinnati, O.—1. Bob Brettle came to this country in 1868. 2. The Beckman Street theatre stood in Beckman near Nassau street in 1764. 3. It was built in 1761 by Douglas and razed in a riot in 1764.

THOS. STEWART, Crawford, Tex.—Being unable to obtain satisfaction, we have forwarded your complaint against the Eureka Jewelry Co., No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York, to the Postmaster-General for official investigation.

B. G., Boston, Mass.—1. President Abraham Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation Sept. 22, 1862. 2. Wm. Madden is no relation to old Mike Madden, the English pugilist. 3. Charley Mitchell and Tug Wilson never fought.

L. C., St. Louis, Mo.—1. When Bogardus defeated Fennell in the 100-yard match in England, June 28, 1879, he killed 70 out of 100; Fennell killed 68. 2. Arthur Chambers is the retired light-weight champion pugilist of America.

W. S., Boston.—Chorea is almost incurable, especially in an old dog; it weakens them, and in hot weather renders them almost useless. Try a nitrate of silver pill, one-quarter of a grain, made up with bread crumbs, morning and night.

S. M., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Geo. King, the English pugilist, came to this country on May 7, 1859. 2. Johnny Mackey's first prize-ring battle in America was with Johnny Roberts, on June 24, 1856, for \$200. 3. Mackey won in 30 rounds, lasting 47 minutes.

M. N., Shawnee, O.—1. Geo. Seward's record for 100 yards, 9½ seconds, has never been equalled. 2. Robert Watson Boyd is the ex-champion single-scutt oarsman of England. 3. Sam Patch's last jump was made at Genesee Falls, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1829, when he lost his life.

S. E., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. The Sho-wae-cae-mettes crew visited England in 1872. On July 4 and 5 of the same year they rowed in the Royal Henry Regatta, held on the Thames, but did not win. 2. The crew representing the London Rowing Club beat them in the race for the Neward's cup.

J. D., Portsmouth.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought for the largest stakes ever fought for in England. 2. The largest stakes fought for in England prior to this battle, was that in the match between Tom Spring and John Gully, for \$5,000. Spring and Jack Langran also fought for the same amount.

C. M., Leadville, Col.—The first international match was shot at Creedmoor in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club and the Irish team, composed of six of the winners of the Elcho shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans with a score of 534, out of a possible 1,350, and the beaten team only 3 points behind.

A. K., King street, Toronto.—The only authentic record for 100 yards running is 10 seconds. It has been claimed that George

Seward ran 100 yards in 9¼ seconds on the turnpike at Hamersmith, Eng., in 1844, but as no policeman has ever succeeded in equalling Seward's alleged performance, it is looked upon as a questionable record.

D. L. C., Baltimore, Md.—The Himalaya Mountains are the highest mountains in the world, they are 29,002 feet high. 2. Mount St. Elias is situated in North America; it is 19,283 feet high. 3. E. J. Wendell ran 100 yards in 10 seconds, on May 26, 1881, at Cambridge, Mass. 4. A win, as 10 seconds is not the fastest time on record for 100 yards.

M. M. L., Akron, Ohio.—Jim Sanford, better known as the American Phenomenon, was born in New Jersey. In 1821, Sanford and Hammond fought at Belleville, N. J. The battle was said to have been terrific and Sanford was getting the best of his opponent when the police appeared and stopped the mill. Sanford's fame went on increasing and he had several turn-up affairs. In 1824 he fought Hardfield near the Dry Dock, New York. Sanford won in 37 rounds.

W. S., Albany, N. Y.—1. The longest prize fight on record was fought between James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, near Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855; it lasted 6 hours 15 minutes. 2. The longest battle ever fought in England took place between Mike Ma Men and Bill Hayes at Edenbridge, on July 17, 1849; the fight lasted 6 hours 3 minutes. 3. The longest battle ever fought in America lasted 4 hours 30 minutes, between J. Fitzpatrick and James O'Hell, at Newark, N. J., Dec. 4, 1830.

S. V., Scranton City, Pa.—You sent money for a work advertised by initial, and because you did not obtain an obscene book you call the advertiser a fraud. We have neither sympathy or pity for you. Whilst we do not refuse mythical advertisements, we do not accept them until we are assured that the goods are legitimate. Goods contrary to law cannot be advertised in these columns at any price, and if we know of any party offering them for sale we would place the law officers on his track.

POOL, Peru, Ind.—A's and C's play a game of pyramid pool, a small stake to go to the man who has the greatest number of balls. A has six balls, B five balls and C two balls, while two balls remain upon the table. At this point of the game A claims the stake, but C bets him \$10 that B has a chance for the stake, although it is "pool." Who wins this bet? Are not all bets and stakes to be paid when "pool" is called? A wins. When pool is called all bets and stakes must be paid.

S. W., Dayton, Ohio.—1. No. 2. In 1882 the Supreme Court of Ohio decided that a country agricultural society may offer premiums for the owners of a horse race, to be held on its grounds during the continuance of its annual fair, and an agreement by an agricultural society to pay a certain sum as premium for the horse winning a race at its annual fair is not against the public policy. An action may be maintained for such premium by one becoming entitled thereto at such race. Offering a premium is not a bet or wager.

W. B., Boston.—1. Yes. 2. Pierre Lorillard has nominated five horses to run in Epsom Derby to be run in 1887, which closed with 194 nominations. The horses nominated are: Esquimaux bay colt, by Duke of Magenta, dam Imp. Second Hand, by Stockwell. Cambyes, gray colt, by Imp. Mortimer, dam Lizzie Lucas by Imp. Australian. Kismet, chestnut colt, by Imp. Mortimer, dam Loulanier, by Lever. Shawnee, bay colt, by Imp. Mortimer, dam Sly Boats, by Rivoli. Cataline, bay colt, by Imp. Mortimer, dam Fanny Ludlow (grand dam of Foxhall), by Imp. Eclipse.

W. S., Elkhart, Ill. You cannot shoot game at all seasons. In Indiana game can be shot as follows: Deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; quail and pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; wild turkey, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1; wild duck, Sept. 1 to April 15. In Ohio—Deer, Oct. 15 to Nov. 20; quail, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; pheasant, Sept. 1 to Jan. 15; duck, Sept. 1 to April 1; woodcock, July 4 to Jan. 1; turkey, Nov. 1 to Jan. 15. In Michigan—Deer, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1; quail, Nov. to Dec. 31; pheasant, Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; duck, Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; woodcock, Aug. 1 to Dec. 31; turkey, Oct. 1 to Dec. 31.

J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Harry Lazarus was stabbed in his own saloon, 12 Houston street, New York, Jan. 3, 1885, by his next-door neighbor, Barney Friery, the partner of Rocky Moore, in the saloon known as the "10-40 Loan." It appears from the evidence elicited at the coroner's inquest that, about 4 o'clock in the morning, Friery drove up to the door of Harry's saloon in a sleigh, jumped out, and, entering the saloon with some of his friends, walked up to Lazarus, held out his hand, saying "Harry, you and I have had a difference for some time. Let us shake hands and be friends." Lazarus at once said, "Agreed," and put out his hand, when Friery treacherously plunged a knife into his neck severing the carotid artery. He then darted out of the saloon, sprang into a sleigh and drove rapidly away. Harry fell to the floor, bleeding profusely, and before medical aid could be procured died.

H. W. S., Alton, Ill.—1. The Dryer Brothers sold Hindoo to Milton Young, of McGrathians Head Farm, Kentucky. 2. Hindoo was foaled in 1878. 3. He was by Virgil, dam Florence, by Lexington, second dam Imp. Wetherwitch, by Wetherwitch; third dam by Birdcatcher; fourth dam Okegoth, by Phrydian; fifth dam Camellia (sister to Camel), by Whalebone; sixth dam by Selim. The Dryers paid \$15,000 for him when he was a two-year-old. 4. In a nutshell the following will show the full record of a most wonderful horse, and one that will, as doubt, remain unbeaten for many years:

	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Won.
1880.....	9	7	1	1	\$9,500
1881.....	20	18	1	1	\$1,585
1882.....	6	5	1	1	\$13,000
Grand total.....	35	30	3	3	\$74,085

J. G., Denver, Col.—The first battle between Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones ended in this way: After 65 rounds had been fought Sayers was very tired and Jones was gradually becoming blind. After a few exchanges, the men, who were much exhausted, stood still looking at each other for some time, the crowds covering them with rage, at length the seconds ordered them to finish. Sayers approached Jones, when the latter refused to go to the corner, and Sayers, in obedience to the orders of his seconds, declined going to fight him. It was growing dark and it was clear that Jones and his friends were not going to throw a chance away. The referee once more called Jones to go to the corner, which he did but with precisely the same result, and the referee, seeing that Sayers was strong enough to go with prudence to finish on his adversary's ground and that Jones was unwilling to try the question at the scratch in his then exhausted state, ordered the pugilists to shake hands. The battle lasted exactly three hours.

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. No. 2. A loss. Lucy, by George M. Patchen, did best Goldsmith Maid, Lady Thorne, American Girl and George Wilkes. 3. The following are the dates and places: At Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 1877, Lucy beat Lady Thorne, Bruno and Dan Rice in 2:27½, 2:28, 2:28½, 2:25½. On July 17, 1880, Lucy beat Goldsmith Maid and Fred. Fense in 2:28, 2:28, 2:24½. May 17, 1880, Lucy beat American Girl in straight heats; time, 2:30½, 2:27½, 2:25. On July 14, 1879, Lucy beat George Wilkes and Mountain Boy; best time, 2:36½. Aug. 13, 1879, at Buffalo, N. Y., and Aug. 16, same year, she beat George Wilkes both times, in straight heats; best time, 2:35. Sept. 23, same year, she beat George Wilkes and Henry; best time, 2:24½. Aug. 9, 1872, Lucy beat American Girl, Goldsmith Maid and Henry, American Girl winning second heat; time, 2:18½, 2:17½, 2:19½, 2:22. This was the race in which Lucy obtained her best record.

R. C., Baltimore, Md.—First talked of by Col. Julius W. Adams about 1855; not of incorporation passed April, 1866; survey begun by John A. Boehling, 1868; construction began Jan. 2, 1870. First rope thrown across the river Aug. 14, 1876; Master Mechanic Farrington crossed in a boatwain's chair Aug. 25, 1876; depth of the New York foundation below high-water mark, 78 feet 6 inches; depth of the Brooklyn foundation below high-water mark, 45 feet the New York tower contains 44,945 cubic yards of masonry; the Brooklyn tower, 38,214; weight of the Brooklyn tower about 95,079 tons; New York tower about a third more; size of the towers at high-water line, 140x39 feet, at roof course, 136x53 feet; height of the towers above high-water mark, 275 feet 6 inches; height of roadway in the middle of the East River, 135 feet; grade of roadway, 3 feet 3 inches to 100 feet; width of the promenade in the center of bridge, 16 feet 7 inches; width for railway on one side of the promenade, 12 feet 10 inches; width of carriage-way on the other side of the promenade, 18 feet 9 inches; width of bridge, 85 feet; length of main span, 1,595 feet 6 inches; length of each land span, 930 feet; length of the Brooklyn approach, 971 feet; length of the New York approach, 1,580 feet; length of each of the four great cables, 3,578 feet 6 inches; diameter, 15½ inches; number of steel galvanized wires in each cable, 5,434; weight of each cable, 900 tons; ultimate strength of each cable, 15,000 tons; weight of steel in the suspended superstructure, 10,000 tons; total cost, \$15,000,000; opened for traffic, 1883.



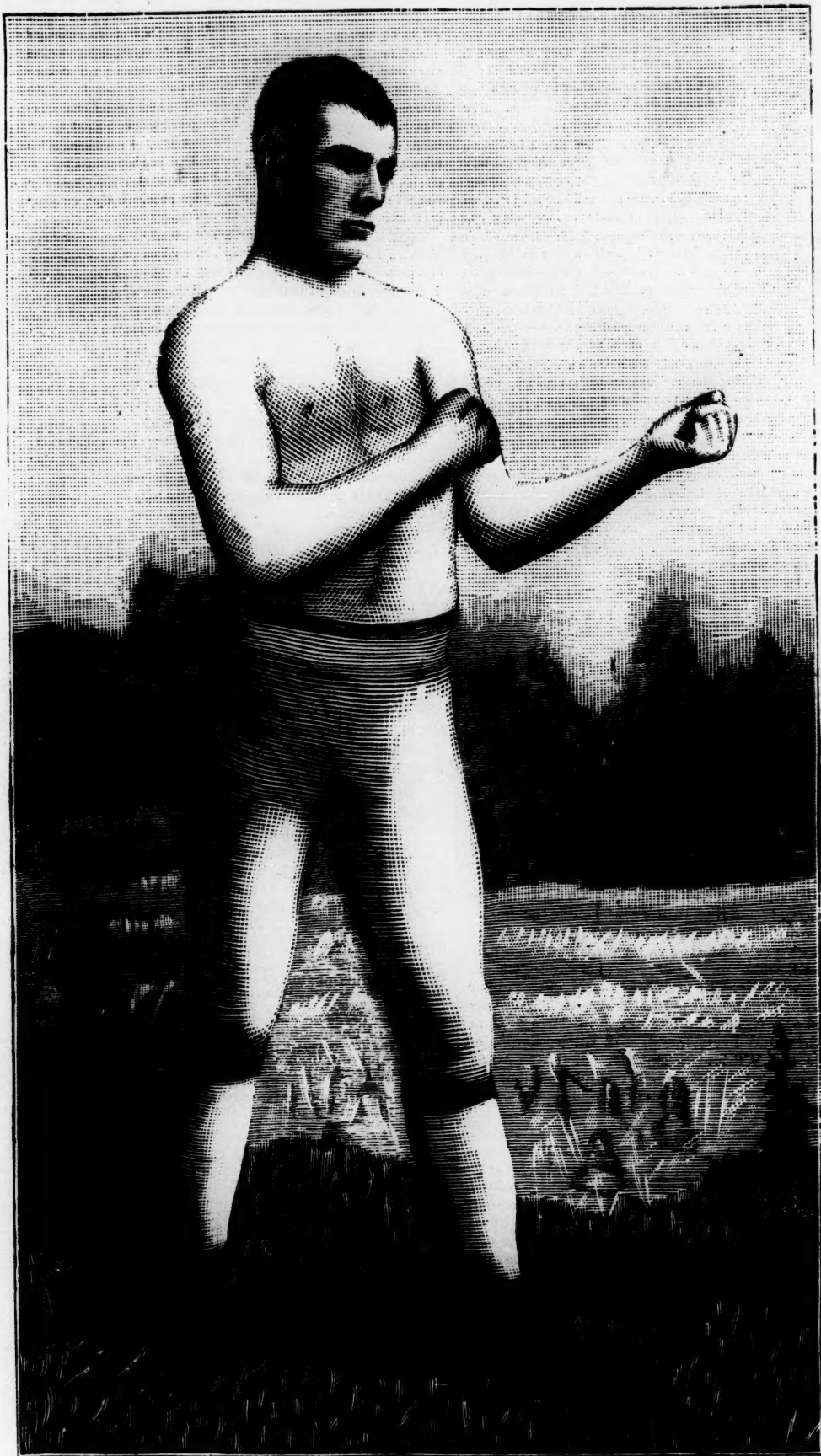
A HOT ENGAGEMENT.

THE DESPERATE FIGHT AT HARRINGTON'S POINT, W. T., BETWEEN AL JOHNSON AND TOM WARD. I.—AL JOHNSON. II.—TOM WARD.



MAXWELL'S RECEPTION.

THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF C. A. PRELLER IS GREETED WITH A POPULAR LÉVEE ON HIS RETURN TO ST. LOUIS.



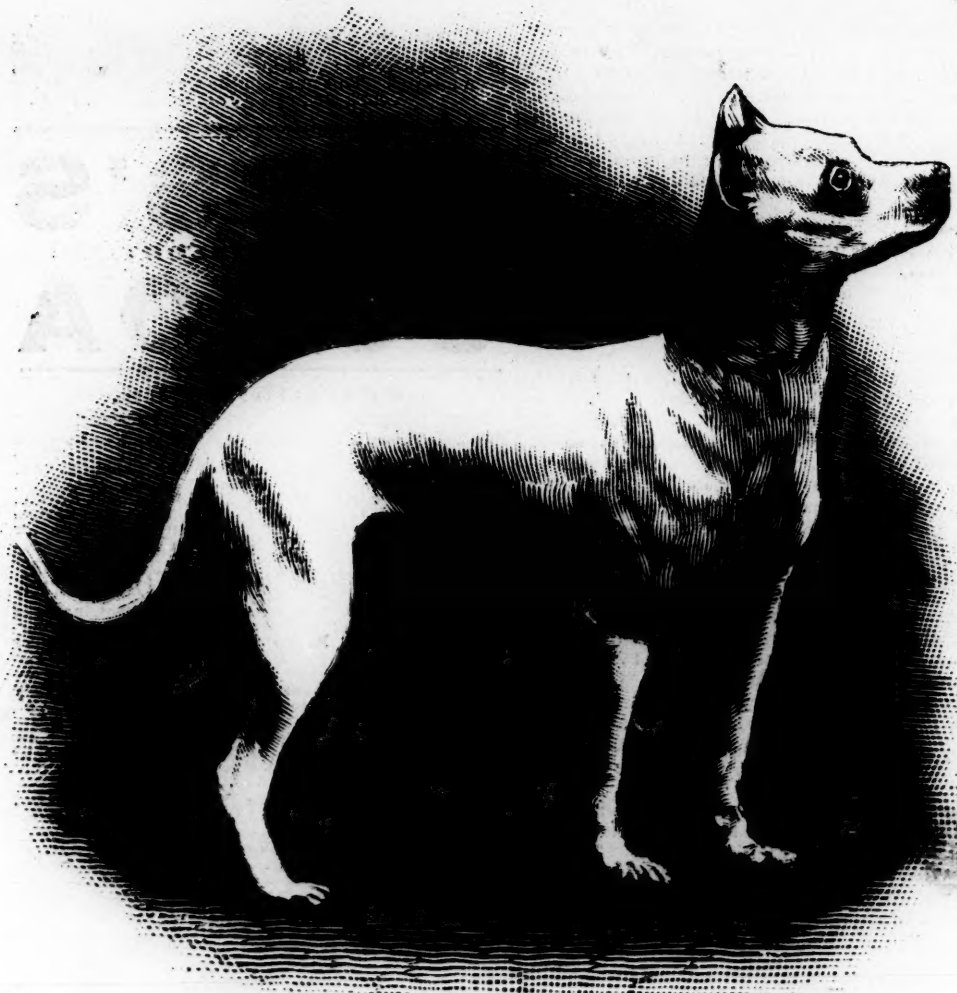
JOHN FAY.
CHAMPION PUGILIST OF CONNECTICUT.



BILLY MYERS,
A WELL-KNOWN BROOKLYN SPORTING MAN.



DAN O'LEARY,
THE CELEBRATED AND INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN.



LILLIE,
A FAMOUS BULL TERRIER FIGHTING BITCH.

BEFORE THE BAR.

**Crooked Whisky Barrels--A New Trick
--How They Best the Iowa Liquor
Law--Champagne Used as a
Cure for Dyspepsia by a
Blue Nose.**



D. G. YUENGLING, JR.

This gentleman is one of the great beer-makers of the Empire State. His immense brewery is situated in the upper section of this city, where a hundred thousand barrels of excellent lager is brewed yearly. Mr. Yuenling is just as much a favorite among the many who come in contact with him in both business and society as his good beer. He is a popular member of many of the most important German organizations in the country. He is also one of the active officers of the United States Brewers' Association.

Chatham street bartenders are very popular at Long Branch.

St. John is on tap again. How about the leak of last season?

San Francisco free lunches are the finest in the land--so are the wines.

Ford. Ward sips the best champagne in his elegant Ludlow street quarters.

Many of the saloons at Coney Island will close early this summer on account of poor business.

Gentlemen who take kindly to the genial beverages are seldom troubled with severe cases of dyspepsia.

Champagne is rather a new and very pleasing medicine. The chief Ohio crank has been exposed in his cure.

Brother Tobin, of the City Hotel, Meriden, Conn., is one of the most generous and genial of hosts in the Blue State.

It's a very strange fact that actors are so fond of schooners of beer in midsummer season, especially those out of engagements.

American bars are the best conducted establishments of the kind in the world--especially in regard to mixed concoctions.

Brandy used to be the drink par excellence of the Southerner. It was displaced by whisky; and now whisky is giving way to wine, ale and beer.

The Nebraska cranks hold forth at Lincoln on the 15th of September for the purpose of nominating a State ticket. Just as if that is any consolation.

A good many church members have been troubled lately with a severe attack of hay fever, and, consequently, there is a much larger consumption of the genial beverages.

A description of the Coney Island bear that got on the rampage says that he "foamed at the mouth." He must have paused to drink some of the peculiar beer of the locality.

William Allanson, of Fishabee Falls, Ala., was bitten by a large rattlesnake on Sunday week. Whisky was the only remedy at hand, but as Allanson had identified himself prominently with the prohibition movement he declined to take it. He died in great agony.

The effects of prohibition in Iowa have been somewhat modified by a Supreme Court decision, which declares that a man has a right to diagnose his own case and write his own prescriptions. It is need less to say that under this ruling the drug stores are flourishing.

A prominent citizen, of Canton, Dak., ordered a keg of beer delivered from the brewery at his house after darkness, as is usual in temperance towns. By some mistake it was left upon the porch of a preacher, and he had hard work to explain, and lost most of the beer.

The Prohibition party of Massachusetts will place a complete State ticket in the field, and will hold its State Convention in Worcester on Sept. 10. Ex-Gov. St. John, who is said to have been the party's candidate for President last fall, will be present and address the convention.

This is the kind of folly we hear from the Southern cranks: We predict that in three years at longest there will not be a single retail liquor shop in the State of Georgia. In less than a generation the people will look back into the past and talk about barrooms, and the children will ask, "What is a bar-room?"

Drinking water, says a hygienic writer, may be tested in this simple way: "Fill a pint bottle

three-quarters full of the water. Dissolve in it one-half teaspoonful of the best white sugar. Set it away in a warm place for 48 hours. If the water becomes cloudy it is unfit to drink." Under most circumstances water is very unhealthy to imbibe.

It is the declared intention of Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, recently elected for another term, to push the question of Prohibition at the next session of Congress. Mr. Blair proposes to make life a burden for the Republican party for the next six years by persistently endeavoring to force it to take ground on this question. But we hardly think he will have the support of his party, or can he force any such issue.

The great Liquor Dealers' State Convention will take place in the latter part of September or early in October. The circular to the various organizations in the trade concludes as follows: "Trusting that the foregoing will receive the approbation of every member of our association, and hoping that all will be ready to respond when the aforesaid special calls are made upon them, the object being for our common interest, let us further make it to our general credit in every detail, the grandest and most impressive liquor dealers' convention ever held in this or any other State of the Union." We hope the gathering will be worthy of the Empire State. It's high time for strong work in this direction.

It is said that some Peoria distilleries have been using barrels constructed with a thick stave opposite the bung. The bung stave was also made thick. The heads of the barrel, instead of being three-quarters of an inch in thickness, were only half an inch. These barrels hold from a gallon to a gallon and a half more than the gauger's rod and callipers show. Some time ago some whisky belonging to a large distillery was detained in the East for alleged irregularity. The barrels were tested, and found to hold more than they gauged. It is reported that several other distilleries are using the same sort of barrels. Recently Revenue Agent Summerville when there spent most of his time in these distilleries. Summerville summoned from Pekin a cooper named Eads, who, it is said, made some of these barrels to order.

The charge made by Thomas McDougall in a political speech at Urbana, Ohio, two weeks ago, that the Rev. Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Governor, used champagne as a medicine during his pastorate on Walnut Hills, has been allowed to go to this date without denial. Mr. McDougall is himself a resident of Walnut Hills. What he said was that while Dr. Leonard was serving there as pastor he became afflicted with malaria, and, upon the advice of a physician, sought to cure it by the use of champagne. The wine cellars of two wealthy parishioners were opened to him, and Dr. Leonard continued the use of champagne for some time. Mr. McDougall is a man of integrity and a neighbor of the parishioners to whose wine cellars Dr. Leonard is said to have had access. But notwithstanding his means of knowing the truth of his statements and his reliability as a man, it could not be forgotten that champagne is a very singular article for any physician to recommend for malaria, and this, coupled with a recollection of the high ground which Dr. Leonard has taken in regard to the extermination of the liquor traffic, has led many to expect a strong denial from him of Mr. McDougall's charge, which, however, as yet has not been made.

HOW A LITTLE HERO DIED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. H. C. Schell, of Erie, Pa., some weeks ago struck Eddie Cook, a fourteen-year-old boy, on the back with a broomstick for trespassing on her premises. A cancerous-like growth appeared over the spot and soon involved the entire trunk, death being declared inevitable. The District Attorney took the lad's ante-mortem statement, first directing the physician to tell the boy that in a few hours he would be dead. The announcement caused the little fellow to tremble for a moment, and tears glistened in his eyes. The mother, who had cherished hopes until now, threw herself across the bed and wept till the boy, in the hope of comforting her, said:

"It won't be very hard to die, mother. Pray for God to make it easy."

The officers led the mother away and the child, raising his wasted hand, was sworn by the magistrate. It was taken opportunistically, for, as though in answer to his distracted mother's appeal, insensibility at once followed and death came soon afterward. Mrs. Schell has been placed under arrest pending the investigation. It is by no means certain yet that her blow originated the fatal growth.

JOE COBURN ON HIS MUSCLE.

Champagne flowed like water in the Jumbo Hotel, West Brighton, on Aug. 17, at the expense of Joe Coburn, the pugilist. Joe made two good winners at the races during the day and was spending his gains with his usual prodigality. About a dozen sporting men made up the party. Among them were George Engeman and John O'Connell. As the copious draughts of wine began their delicious dance Engeman began to banter Coburn, and finally asked:

"Who did you ever lick? No one. You're only a big duffer."

Coburn replied by saying that he had fought and whipped better men than him (Engeman), and then vaunted his own powers as a pugilist.

"Oh, pshaw!" returned Engeman, "you're no good. I have a man here that can knock the life out of you," pointing to O'Connell, who added: "Yes, and two duffers like him."

Coburn's reply was a crashing blow in O'Connell's face that knocked him to the floor like a log. He was up again immediately, however, and then the two men clinched and fought and struggled around the barroom to the delight of the onlookers. Quiet was restored, however, and the men shook hands and more wine was imbibed. It was not long, however, before the bitter feeling resumed sway, and the whole party began to banter Coburn about his prowess as a fighter. He replied by curses and threats, and offered to fight any two men in the party for \$100 a side and displayed money in handfuls.

Little O'Connell put up his hands with the bigger bruiser again, and succeeded by a well-directed blow in flooring Joe. The latter raved and ranted like a mauler, and would probably have killed O'Connell had not mutual friends interfered and patched up a peace.

Another basket of "cham" was ordered and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. O'Connell said to Engeman:

"Are you willing to back me to fight that big duffer, Coburn?"

"Any time or any place," said his friend.

Coburn was standing at the other end of the barroom with his head resting on his folded arms, apparently falling asleep. He did not hear what O'Connell said. Seeing this the latter winked to the company, grinned audibly and remarking: "See me wake the sucker," stole up to Coburn and hit him a stunning blow in the face.

With a roar of rage the latter turned on him, grasped him by the throat and then butted him unmercifully in the face. His fury was demoniacal. In a moment O'Connell's face was battered out of all semblance to humanity. During the row Coburn also accidentally struck a bystander named William Flynn, a brother of the successor to O'Connell as proprietor of the "Old House at Home" in the Bowery.

Flynn became furious and returned the blow with interest. Coburn let go of O'Connell, who fell on the floor limp and senseless, and turned his attention to Flynn, whom he also whipped in a few minutes. By this time an immense crowd had gathered, who watched the fracas with unfeigned delight. Some one sent word to Chief of Police McKane, however, and that gentleman, in company with Officers Sutherland and Tazey, arrived in a few minutes. The chief grabbed Coburn by the coat-collar and shook him like a cat would shake a rat.

"You're a public nuisance," said the chief, "and we don't want you down here."

He then arrested Coburn, O'Connell and Flynn, who were making desperate efforts to renew the fight. At police headquarters, however, O'Connell refused to make a complaint against Coburn and the latter was accordingly discharged. Before freeing him, however, Chief McKane extracted an iron-bound promise from him that he would stay away from Coney Island in the future. The parties went out and away in different directions. It is thought, however, that more trouble will ensue.

When arraigned before Judge Newton, Aug. 17, accused of assaulting Special Officer Cooke at the Sea Beach depot about two weeks ago, Coburn was discharged, as Cooke did not appear against him.

BLOWN UP WITH DYNAMITE.

An Outrage on a Steamboat That Placed Two Hundred Lives in Peril.

An explosion occurred on board the steamer S. M. Felton, off Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at 10:15 A. M., Aug. 17, just after the steamer had left her dock on her trial trip to Wilmington, Del. The explosion shook the boat from stem to stern, and when the smoke cleared away it was found that the entire forward part of the vessel above the water line had been badly damaged, and a number of passengers injured, some of them severely. The pilot house and entire upper deck were lifted and fell to the lower deck. The bow presented a scene of complete wreck. Tugs went at once to the injured vessel, and, with the assistance of the police tug William S. Stokley, which was lying near by, removed the injured. The ambulance of the Pennsylvania Hospital soon arrived and took most of the wounded to that institution.

The steamer is owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is a large and well-equipped boat. There were about 200 persons on board--women and children--when the explosion occurred. The wrecked upper works took fire, and a frightful panic ensued. This was speedily checked by the coolness of a number of men, who drove the women and children aft, and prevented many frantic women from leaping overboard. Besides those seriously hurt, a large number were almost or quite stunned by the shock. An incident of the disaster was the presence of some Sisters of Charity, who seemed in no way excited. They passed quietly among the shrieking passengers, searching out the wounded, and in one case one of the Sisters was seen to make bandages out of her clothing. The promptness with which assistance came from all sides, from passing steamers and from shore, allayed the panic and prevented the fire from spreading. It was supposed that no one leaped overboard, but a man who secured a life preserver has since come ashore at Walnut street wharf, apparently uninjured. The list of the wounded numbers sixteen.

George Wilson, engineer of the police tug Stokley, who was standing on the wharf when the explosion occurred, was thrown backward over a bench and sustained injuries of the right wrist.

The passengers were taken ashore and the steamer was towed down stream. She is not injured beyond the tearing away of her works forward. It is said that the cost of repairing her will not exceed \$1,500. The passengers were mostly women taking babies for a fresh-air trip on the river. Their remarkable escape is accounted for by the providential fact that but few of them were in the forward end of the steamer, as the forward canvas awning had not been set, and the sun shining there made the passengers seek cooler spots in the stern of the boat. If the canvas had been set and the passengers congregated on the forward deck many might have been killed or wounded. If a hole had been blown in the boiler, no doubt many of the passengers would have been scalded to death.

There seems but little doubt that the explosion was due to dynamite or gunpowder, though no one seems to know how it was taken on board. It seems marvellous that half the people on board escaped death. Eye witnesses say that at the moment of the explosion everything became enveloped in darkness and the boat rocked as though in a heavy storm. The passengers and many of those who saw the explosion from the shore insist that gunpowder or some similar explosive was ignited on the forward deck, and several persons who were standing on the pier declare that they distinctly detected the odor of gunpowder. It was the impression of all who saw it that the explosive had been intentionally placed on the deck, as freight is never allowed to be stored in front of the boiler bulkhead, but is placed in the two wings of the boat.

Edward Young, the fireman, says that when the explosion occurred he was carrying only 35 pounds of steam to the square inch. Andrew Linker said to-day that he inspected the boiler last May and found it in good condition. The iron was tested. It is stamped 50,000 pounds, and broke at 58,000 pounds. The indentation in the head of the boiler, however, shows beyond doubt that the explosive force came from without and not from within.

Capt. Wiley, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Mershon and Mr. Linker made a careful examination of the wreck for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the explosion. The investigation established the fact that the explosion was caused by dynamite. The explosive had been placed forward, directly in front of the head of the boiler. The steamer came up from Wilmington at 8:40 A. M. and lay at her wharf until 10 o'clock.

The night before she lay at Wilmington in charge of Andrew Jones, of Bridgeton, N. J. He could not be communicated with, but Capt. Wiley says that if a stranger had boarded or attempted to board the steamer the watchman would have informed him of that fact. While the steamer lay at her wharf the passengers came on board and took chairs on the hurricane decks or aft. The officers and deckhands were busy, and no attention was paid to the movements of the passengers. Several of them carried baskets, so that a bundle or package might have been carried aboard without attracting a tention. The official report made to H. F. Kenney, Superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, under whose supervision the steamboat is operated, says:

"The head of the boiler was indented and cracked about a foot in length. The explosion is believed to have been caused by a cartridge of some kind placed under the head of the boiler maliciously."

Detectives have already been put on the case to work out a solution of the mystery as to what caused the explosion.

CLERICAL BICYCLISTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The party of clerical cyclists from the United States, who are making a tour on wheels throughout Ontario reached Toronto Aug. 15. Mr. Evans, of Columbia, Pa., took a severe header on the way from Guelph and fell out of the party. Mr. Lansinger, of Millersville, Pa.; Mr. Musser, of Columbia, Pa., and Mr. Cowan, of Pittsburg, left for home. The visitors were met by members of the Toronto Bicycle Club, who showed them various points of interest in and around the city. They left next day, seventeen strong, for Kingston.

A HOT ENGAGEMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In our pugilistic columns this week we publish a full report of the exciting fight which took place at Harrington's Point, W. T., between Al. Johnson and Tom Ward.

FISHING TO A FINISH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our last page this week illustrates a scene recently witnessed with genuine and innocent pleasure at Greenwood Lake, where a well-known Brooklyn belle landed the prize bass of the season.

PROHIBITIONISTS PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

It is not often that prohibitionists favor anything in the alcoholic line, but there has never been a dissenting opinion among the most critical, that DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY is the proper article to use whenever occasion exists for successfully fighting the ravages of pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid and malarial fevers of all kinds. The doctors advise this course, and hundreds of families have been restored to excellent health by a proper use of this remedy, which the latest triumph of science produces absolutely free from all injurious drugs and residuum of fuel oil found in other makes. By the drug and grocery trade.

Mr. W. E. BURN, Master of Transportation of the New York, Woodhaver and Rockaway Railroad, states their facilities are ample for the anticipated crowd at the "Hannan" race at Seaside, a station on their line. This road brings visitors to the surf in thirty minutes. Passengers can take ferry from Fine street, James Slip, Seventh street and Thirty-fourth street, East river, for Hunter's Point, one of its terminal stations.

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH'S FAMOUS BOOKS--Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have just made a large reduction in the retail price of all their popular duodecimo publications, and will send their new Catalogue to all addresses if written for.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., New York:
DEAR SIR--We have had on our list eight papers claiming the largest circulation in America, but by referring to our books we find that we have received from advertisements inserted in the POLICE GAZETTE, twelve times as many cash orders, and thirty times the number of inquiries received from any three of our other papers combined. This speaks well for your paper, and consequently we have decided to drop some of our other papers and put our money in the GAZETTE.
ELLISWORTH PUB. CO.

MARTIN.

LEBANON, O., Aug. 10, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR--Your paper is a splendid advertising medium. I get more replies from it than I do from any of the papers in which my advertisements have been inserted. This much in the way of a prelude.
Yours, etc., J. L. STEPHENS, M. D.

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John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York, can furnish photographs from life of all the champions and well-known sporting men, including Richard K. Fox, John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain, Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, the Marine, and 400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for catalogue to J. Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

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"Nirina" Cigar, \$4 per 100, hand-made, "Oriol," Trenton, N. J.

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Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being detected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding this, many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/2 drachm.
Jerubelin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonias Dioica, 1/2 drachm.
Geisemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. lepidandra, 2 scrupules.
Glycerin, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on
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Procreative Ability,

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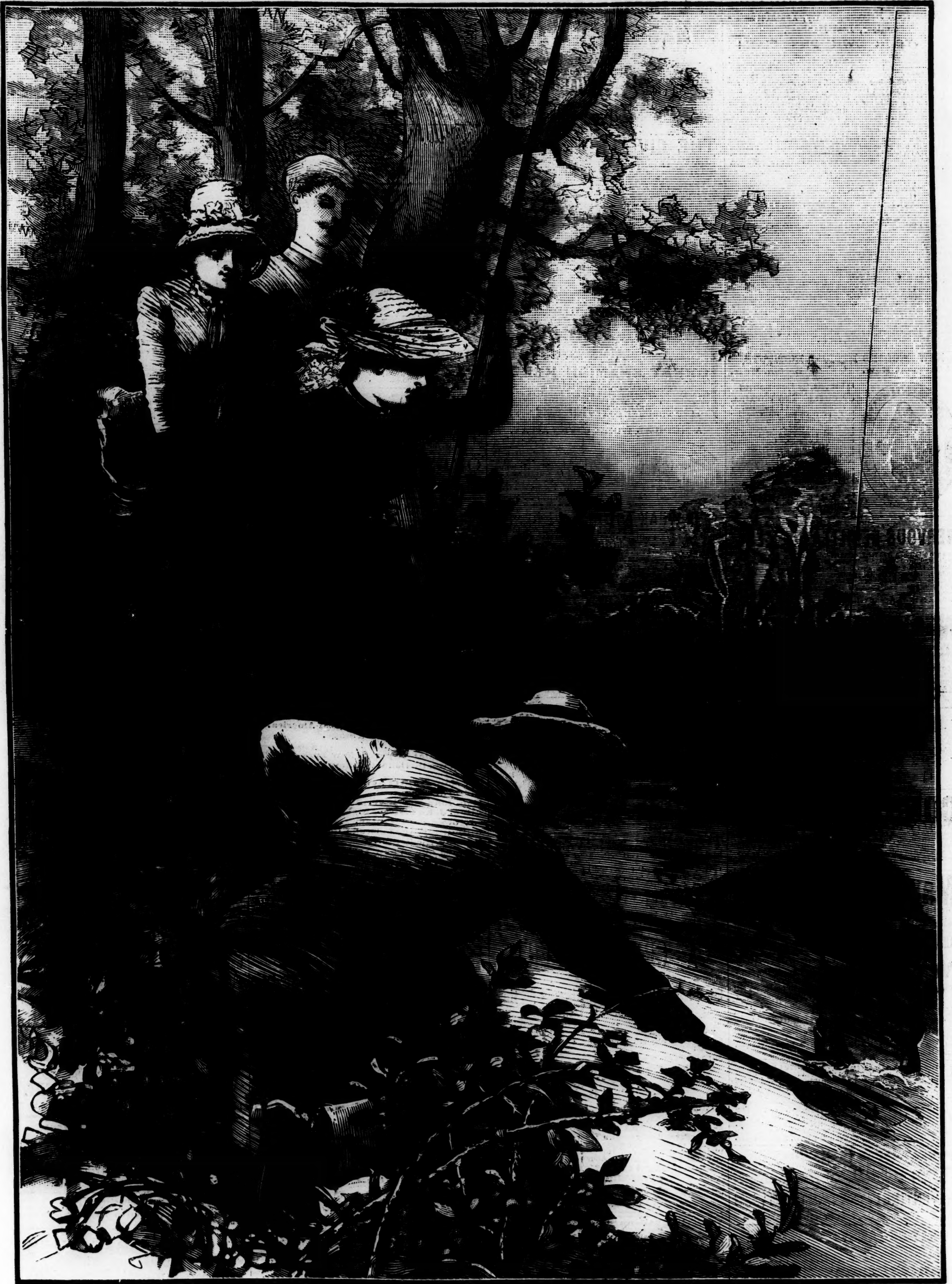
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